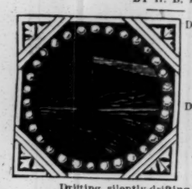
NEW YORK CLIPPER

THE OLDEST AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1877. | VOLUME XXV.—No. 11. Price Ten Cents.

DRIFTING.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY H. B. H.



Drifting, lazily drifting,
Out of the harbor at dawn;
Our hearts are atune
With music of June,
Drifting the blue waves upon.

Drifting, rapidly drifting,
At midday over the sea;
We spread the white sail
To the fresh'ning gale,
And dance o'er the waves in glee.

Drifting, silently drifting,
Towards the gleaming, golden west;
At the set of sun,
With our labor done,
We shall fold our hands in rest.

Resting, evermore resting!
Welcome the change will be
When, after the night,
Eternity's light
Breaks over the jasper sea.

The Larches, June, 1877.

IRENE:

THE

SLAVE OF THE RING AND THE STAGE.

BY WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL,

AUTHOR OF "ERIK TEMPLETON," "POISONED FOR LOVE" "'LU THE QUADROON," "GILDED SORROWS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI.

FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

What the good-hearted priest had intended to be a work of charity and mercy seemed destined to result in a terrible calamity. He had not the most remote idea that the girl he had brought to the Mission in so secret a manner, though more from a natural taste for mystery than any other reason, would dare to move from the spot where he had left her until his return; and when he found her lying before the coffined form at the foot of the altar, his heart was nigh bursting with anguish and self-reproach. And, calm as he outwardly appeared when he carried her away, placed her upon a bed and left the room, there was an inward excitement that long years of penance and abstinence could not control. Her beauty had taken a strange hold upon him—had awakened a long-dormant passion. Perchance she had stirred the depths of memory till out from the dust and ashes of buried hopes there arose again, in the fresh bloom and loveliness of youth, one with whom he had spent many happy hours among the vineyards of La Belle France, before the shadow of death fell upon the almost fullness of an earthly love, and he fled from the world in the vain hope of finding forgetfulness. Whatever the memories, his heart was stirred to the very core, and he trembled as one stricken with the palsy as he threaded the low, narrow halls, murmuring to himself the while in the bitterness of his grief:

"Merciful Father! avert the hand of the destroyer. Let him not come, and most of all through my agency. Oh, spare them, Holy Savior—spare him, spare her. They have grown into my heart as children. Spare them, and let mine be the sacrifice."

The fervent petition seemed to inspire him with courage, to give him new strength, and, controlling his excitement by an almost superhuman effort, he entered a room of more than usual size and cheerfulness.

"My son," he said, "control yourself. Can you do so?"

"Talk not to me of control," was answered, as a man sprang from his seat. "Answer me one question."

"I know what you would ask, and answer 'Yes.' But remember, life is uncertain, and the very hour we look upon as the brightest is often one of the blackest darkness."

He would have explained, had time been given him. But it was not. A strong hand was laid upon his arm, and he was forced from the room and hurried through the hall with the single command:

"Take me to her."

"If I delighted in human misery," the priest muttered to himself, "this would be to me an hour of exceeding joy. If I craved revenge for my own love being blasted, this would be the time of my recompense. Ah, me! how very near together are the bridal and the tomb, the cradle and the grave—how, when the heart beats the highest, the hair is severed that suspends the sword!"

He opened the door, saw his companion pass in, closed it, and crouched down upon the clay floor, beaten by countless footsteps into stone, and strained his ears to listen, and would have given all his earthly hopes to have seen what was passing, even for a brief moment.

The man entered, looked anxiously around, rushed to the bedside, and clasped the form the priest had deposited there to his heart, exclaiming:

"Irene, my darling, my love, my all!"

Did his words, did his hot kisses, call back the life that was trembling in the balance? Verily, it would have seemed so—seemed as if they had power to stay the scythe of the remorseless destroyer—to almost lift the turf from the grave, and restore to breath and beauty the buried form.

"Who calls? Whose lips are those?" was feebly answered as the eyes opened. Then, with the mighty joy of a heart released from the most galling agony, came the words: "O Lee, Lee!" and she hung fainting upon his breast, with her soft arms locked around his neck.

Joy, even the greatest that can come to humanity, seldom kills. The shock may be violent, but the reaction speedily comes, and the soul is lifted from the depths to the sunlight of a glorious future.

So was it with Irene Irving and Lee Benedict. Weak as he was, he bore her, a precious burden, to the room he had occupied since he had been carried to the Mission in the belief that all that could be done for him would be prayers and masses. And there, side by side, with hand throbbing in hand, they sat and told of what had transpired to each since their separation; and she became in his eyes an angel, and he in hers a hero. It was a long and difficult explanation, there was so much to be said—so much of blind accident to be made plain.

But there was a compensation for all. Love was given unchecked utterance. There was no denial, no concealment, now. All of the sweet bashfulness of maidenhood yielded to past peril, all of the reserve of manhood to the witchery of the hour.

"My children," said the priest, entering at last, with his face beaming with benevolence and happiness, "you meet as those raised from the grave. May the recollection be sanctified to you."

"And you, my kind, dear friend, how shall I ever thank you?" exclaimed Irene, springing from the imprisoning arms of her lover, rushing to him and seizing his hands and kissing them.

"The praise is due to Heaven, and not to me, the humble and unworthy instrument, my daughter," he replied, struggling to retain his calmness.

"And thanking Heaven as we may, do you think I can ever, will ever, cease to bless you for the dear life you have saved?"

"And may you both be blessed," he answered, not daring to trust himself to say more; and then, hastily changing the subject, continued: "It is time you both sought rest. The hour has waxed late. Neither of you is strong enough to endure great emotion. Come, my daughter; I have provided a fitting room for you, and an attendant of your own sex. Fear not. This roof is dedicated to the Almighty power, that can guard against every danger, seen and unseen."

Irene sprang to her lover, whispered a few fervent words, kissed him as if they were never to meet again, and then turned to go. But she could not. Love was a more mighty power than physical weakness, and would not be thwarted. She placed her hand again in that of Benedict, and, looking to the priest, said with the most winning sweetness:

"Father I cannot tear myself way—cannot leave him."

"And she shall not go," asserted Benedict.

"But think," urged the good father, "of the trials through which you have passed. Remember that human nature is weak, and cannot endure too great a strain."

They looked at him, but shook their heads, and he continued:

"The separation will be but a brief one. The bell has already tolled three, and it will be but a little time until the morning-light. Think, O my children! of the scandal that would come if any eye but mine should see you thus."

Irene drew away from her lover, blushing painfully. Impulsive as she was, she was also as much the daughter of purity as the child of fame, and, though the slave of Love, would none of it if sullied.

"You are right, father," she replied, "and I thank you. Lee, we must separate until morning. Not even my matchless love for you must tempt me to do aught that evil tongues can whisper as a stain against my honor—your honor now."

"Children," said the priest, looking at Irene with admiration, and stirred to the heart by her noble words, "were you of the faith of our Holy Church, its rites would soon make you one. But it cannot be. Nay," he continued, as he saw Irene was about to interrupt him, "it cannot be. Yet, if the blessing of an old man can do you aught of good, it is yours—yours," and his thin hands were raised in benediction over their bowed heads.

The action subdued Irene and brought her back to the borders of reason, and she suddenly exclaimed:

"I must not stay here. I must go back to the city. Think what a hue-and-cry would be raised if I were found to be absent."

"Well thought of," said the priest; "and as the carriage in which you came is still waiting, your return can be speedily accomplished."

"And what is to become of me?" questioned Benedict.

"Impatient!" answered Irene with one of her old, bright smiles. "But you may come and see me to-morrow, if you are good."

"And I promise to be," he returned.

The priest passed noiselessly from the room, that their parting raptures might be indulged in unrestrained. Yet he had to break in upon them, so long were they continued. But at last Irene was driven home, with a swiftly-bounding heart; and when Mrs. Joe entered her room the next day, at a late hour, she was dreaming such dreams as can seldom be reality in this world.

And yet, wrapt as her heart was in the love-tinted vision, Irene could not have refrained from laughter could she have seen the look of amazement upon the face of the methodical dame, have seen her hands raised in holy horror, and heard her exclamation as she viewed the disordered room.

"It's enough to drive a saint to distraction," she said energetically, "to see how the girl throws around silks and laces and jewelry! I shouldn't wonder the least if she was in love."

Poor, innocent Mrs. Joe!

The room was "tidied up," and breakfast brought, and Irene awakened. She was pale from the great mental excitement of the previous night; but a rosy tint crept to her cheeks, and a happy smile to her lips, as memory lingered upon the gray old Mission, and hope threw a shuttle of gold through the web of the future.

"You haint got much time to waste," said Mrs. Joe, as she saw Irene loitered over the toast, tea and curiew. "Perhaps you have forgotten that you have got to rehearse. Well, it's about that hateful old Catholic in France or somewhere. I can't remember."

"Richelieu," suggested Irene, and turned away in disgust, forcibly reminded of the good priest of the Mission, and who had rendered all connected with his Church dear to her for all time, no matter how wide apart their beliefs.

"Yes; that old ——"

"Silence!" commanded her mistress, and she arose from the table and commenced dressing to go out, overturning chairs and slamming drawers furiously in the operation.

Mrs. Joe was appalled—was entirely squelched—was as completely reduced to a state of "mum"-ness as she had ever succeeded in reducing her husband. She looked at Irene with staring eyes and perplexed brain and beating heart. It was the first time Irene had ever spoken to her unkindly, and she fancied she had become insane.

But she was quickly undeceived. Very soon Irene recovered from her petulance, and, bounding to her kind old friend, she threw her arms around her, and begged to be forgiven.

"I am out of humor, cross, impatient, this morning," she said, "and you must think nothing of it."

"Dear heart," replied the old lady, "as if I could ever think hard of you," and she took the bowed head within her hands and caressed the wealth of soft, shining hair tenderly.

"I am so glad that you do not think harshly of me," returned Irene. "You know I am a petted and spoiled child, and ——"

"Will be late at the theatre if you do not hurry," interrupted Mrs. Joe, laughing, but still with an eye to business.

With peace established between them, Irene wrote a hasty note to her lover, and left it in case he called during her absence. Then she descended to the carriage and was driven to the theatre.

Lee Benedict did call. His impatience was too great to permit him to keep away longer than was absolutely necessary, and his appearance frightened Mrs. Joe almost into spasms, he was so thin and ghost-like. But he was able to convince her he was still living, and laughed heartily when she prescribed some simple remedy "as the best thing in the world for the rebellious fever."

The return of Irene put an end to the conversation and brought happiness to Benedict. They dined together, passed a portion of the afternoon together. But she would not listen to his accompanying her to the theatre. Love was too sacred in her eyes for the world to bandy from tongue to tongue.

Yet he failed not to see her act—act as never before had she acted—never was a more beautiful or spirited Julie seen upon any stage; and when the words of the crafty old Cardinal, when threatening the "curse of Rome," fell upon her ears, she was affected to tears.

An hour after her return home Lee Benedict passed with her. They could now talk with something of calmness and commonsense of the future, even while he urged an immediate marriage.

"I must finish my engagement first," she replied.

"I know you would not have me forfeit my word."

"And when will it be ended?" he asked impatiently.

"Two weeks more I am pledged to be the slave of the stage and the public. Then I am free."

"Two weeks?" (thoughtfully). "Ah! that is well. I have the promise of the command of a new steamer, and it will take about that time for me to go to Panama and return. Then, Irene, you will become my wife?"

"If I live—yes."

How quickly the time passes with two loving hearts! They scarcely seemed to have been together a moment before Mrs. Joe came bustling in to assist her mistress to bed, and the ardent captain was forced to beat a retreat, and that too without a parting kiss.

"It seems to me," said the old lady as she was helping Irene to disrobe, "that this here captain comes to see you mighty often, and it looks to me as if he was falling in love with you."

"What nonsense! And yet," laughed Irene, "it might bear such a conclusion."

CHAPTER XXVII.

THREADS IN THE WEB.

The lovers parted, the captain sailing down the coast, and the actress throwing her whole soul into her labors for the last time. But against this decision she had an excited opponent in the manager.

"It's the most senseless idea I ever heard of," he said when Irene announced to him that at the end of her engagement she should cease to act. "Leave the stage!" he exclaimed. "Throw up an engagement when the people are wild about you, and money coming in by the bucketful! I never heard of such a ridiculous idea in all my life. What in the name of common sense can you be thinking about? You have your future in your own grasp, and now are going to throw it away."

"Like the Indian, threw a pearl away richer than all his tribe!" quoted Irene with laughter.

"It is no subject for mirth, Miss Irving," he continued moodily, for with it visions of wealth floated away.

"But when the time comes I have fulfilled my engagement, have I not?"

"Yes, but ——"

"And is it strange I should tire of the stage?"

"Tire of the stage!" he repeated, rising to his feet, striking a tragic attitude, and continuing with vehemence. "Did one in the possession of their senses ever propose such a thing? Tire of what the greatest minds have bowed down to in reverence, for which the greatest minds have labored. You must be mad. Where can you win so much of the world's applause, where so much make a slave of the world, and ——"

"Be its slave?"

"But think of the fame you will lose. You who are just upon the threshold of a career of glory such as has never been equaled except by a Siddons, a Kemble, or a Cushman. It is monstrous—an unheard-of proceeding."

"I believe I am not the first of my sex who has become wearied, if not disgusted, with public life, and longed for a more quiet one. Have you forgotten what was written in connection with Mrs. Siddons?"

"Some trash, I presume."

"Listen: 'The noise of distant and future fame is like the sound of the far-off sea, and the mingled roll of its multitudinous waves, which, as it swells on the ear, elevates the soul with a sublime emotion; but present and loud applause, flung continuously in one's face, is like the noisy dash of the surf upon the rock—and it requires the firmness of the rock to bear it.' What do you think of that?"

"Bosh—all bosh!" he growled.

"We look at the matter from different standpoints, as is natural from our sex."

"And," he said, with something of light breaking in upon him, "I suppose the reason for your decision is that you are going to marry?"

"I have hinted at nothing of the kind," she replied, and so well controlling her face and color as to completely baffle him. "Have you ever known me to receive the attention of any particular gentleman."

"No; and therein I give you great credit for being superior to the majority of your sex. This foolish love ruins half the actresses. They just begin to be somebody, when they fall in love, and ——"

"In your opinion, make fools of themselves?"

"Certainly. But as you seem not to have caught the fever ——"

"The 'rebellious' fever," laughed Irene, thinking of what her lover had told her of his conversation with Mrs. Joe and her prescriptions.

"Well named. Ha! ha! very good. Yes, 'rebellious,' for it is against all reason. But can I do nothing to change your mind?"

"I hardly think it possible. Yet I will carefully weigh what you have advanced, and, should it influence me to decide as you wish, I will give you early notice of the fact."

"Thanks, and may Heaven help you to a correct conclusion."

Irene mused smilingly, after his departure, over what his consternation would have been had he known that she was not only "over head and ears" in love, but actually engaged. And she had another source of merriment in reading and tossing into the fire the notes she received from would-be gallants, and thinking what futile themes of jealousy these would be to a man so inclined. Then she rang for Mrs. Joe, and had a long conversation with her upon the subject of their returning home, though without giving her any positive information.

"I shall be moitee glad to see my old Joe again," said the good woman, with beaming face; "and there's my Othello."

"Who?" questioned Irene.

"My Othello—that's my cat, you know. Joe wrote me that he had 'been cutting it fat' since I came, and needed looking after."

"Which, Joe or the cat?"

"The cat, to be sure. And he said he was mighty lonesome, and couldn't sleep well nights."

"What, the cat?"

"No, Joe. I'll train him into sober and moral ways when I get home, see if I don't."

"What, Joe?"

"No, the cat."

"It was too bad to leave him so long, and I've felt sorry for him every hour."

"Sorry for the cat?"

"No, for Joe."

It never dawned upon the woman that Irene was quietly quizzing her and enjoying the fun; and so she kept on muddling her husband and grimalkin in the strangest possible confusion, and speaking just as earnestly of the one as the other.

"He never was given to being out nights and ramaging round, and I can't think what can have come over him."

"That is because you are away."

"Botheration! I'm talking of the cat."

"O-o-h!" and Irene pretended the greatest surprise.

"Yes, and he must sleep cold."

"Othello?"

"No, no, Joe, and sleeping on the rug, and often when there is no fire."

"Joe sleeping on the rug?"

"Pshaw! You don't think my Joe would be such an old fool? Of course it is the cat."

"And then he don't have anybody to mull his beer and bring him his bread and cheese, poor fellow."

"A cat drinking mulled beer! I never heard of so disreputable a thing before."

Mrs. Joe laughed now with Irene. The idea of a cat dissipating in such a manner was comical even to her, and she would have expatiated upon it at length had not her attention been called to other matters, and Irene been blessed with a letter from her lover. It was filled with an account of his safe journey a portion of the way down the coast, and breathing such vows of constancy and affection as caused her heart to beat joyously, and the rich blood to run manteling over her cheeks.

"The dear, good fellow," she murmured, not thinking anyone was near.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Joe, pausing in her labors and flourishing her feather-duster in the most emphatic manner, and thinking the remark was intended for her, as the topic of their late conversation was still running through her brain—"yes, he is a dear, good fellow, and just as handsome as he is good."

"Who *are* you talking about?" asked Irene, turning around sharply upon her.

"Why, my cat. Who should I be talking about?"

The peal of laughter that burst from the lips of Irene rang through the room as clear and musical as a silver bell. The interruption had come so unexpectedly—was such a burlesque upon what was in her mind—she could not resist the inclination. Mrs. Joe gazed at her for a moment as she would have done at some fabulous animal, and then left the room, muttering something about "some folks not having any feelings," and hastening to relieve her anxiety by writing to Joe and the cat.

From that day Irene ever had a mine of amusement when she chose to work it. And it relieved many an otherwise lonely hour, and the history of the good-hearted, antiquated Mother Hubbard and her wounderful cat paled before the greater glory of Joe and Othello, as related and interwoven by the fond wife and mistress.

Very busy, also, was Irene in the changing round of characters she was playing. If the engagement was soon to close, the manager determined to make the most of it—to secure all the gold possible. But he purposely made no public mention of the decision of Irene. He fancied she would yet change—at least, that he could persuade her to play a farewell engagement. He knew many—some, at least—that had done so for years, and why should she be an exception? And if she did renounce the profession for a time, she would be likely to return to it. According to his view of the matter, the cup of applause was too dear for any woman who had once tasted of its sweetness to throw aside more than for a very brief time.

Irene avoided any further argument with him—at least as much as could possibly be done—said she had not as yet fully decided, and she had not as to the exact time. In the new relation of wife she intended soon to assume she saw how many things would be desirable—how much money would be needed; and if her lover did not return at the appointed time, she would play until he did. And yet a fervent glow suffused her entire frame as she thought how swiftly the wings of love would bear him back to her anxious heart.

But though not yielding as to the time, in all other respects she seconded and respected the wishes of the manager, even though it doubled her study and caused a greater strain upon both the mental and the physical than was beneficial. Yet it would soon come to an end—and then? The picture was painted vividly by fancy, and the coloring was from brushes dipped in the warmest tints of the female heart.

The memory of her lover brought up the central figure in the night of agony that ended in a morning of bliss at the Mission—the quaint old Mission, with its dome-shaped towers and its bells, that had rung for centuries joy to the bride and the Miserere for the dead.

"O solemn bells! whose consecrated masses
Recall the faith of old,
O twinkling bells! that lulled with twilight music
The spiritual fold!
Your voices break and falter in the darkness—
Break, falter, and are still;
And, veiled and mystic, like the Host descending,
The sun sinks from the hill."

It was at such an hour that Irene drove to the Mission, and alone. All the powers of earth could scarcely have prevailed upon Mrs. Joe to have accompanied her. She had a mortal terror of anything connected with that particular faith—was a very bigot of bigots; and if by any accident the blessings of a priest had been bestowed upon her, she would have superstitiously fancied her soul forever lost. As if Heaven could only be entered by one gate, and the blessing of a holy man, no matter of what Church, could culminate in a curse!

The good priest chanced to be near the entrance when Irene was driven up, welcomed her most kindly, and was evidently pleased at her coming.

"To the great earthly happiness that has come to you, my daughter," he said as he led her into a room—the one reception-room, if the unadorned walls and scanty furniture deserved such a name—"I fancied you might forget the old man that had helped under Heaven to bring it about."

"As if I could ever do so!" answered Irene warmly; "and I came especially to thank you, as in the excitement of that night I failed to do. And indeed I did not then know the extent of my obligation. It was only later I found out how very much you did—how you saved a noble man from the grave and my poor heart from breaking."

"I but did my duty, and it pleased the saints to bless the undertaking. But, my daughter, you will learn as you grow older that giving happiness to others brings its own reward."

"But ——"

Irene paused, and tears filled her beautiful and expressive eyes as she looked around upon the chill desolateness.

"Speak on, my child."

"I was thinking—the thought was forced upon me—how lonely you must be without wife or child."

A sudden flaming-up of blood left a sunset glow upon the pale face of the pious old man, and his form trembled with visible emotion. Years of life, though devoted as his had been, had not crushed out all of human weakness—could not perfectly eradicate the love implanted by the great God of all within the heart. And it was a little time before he answered, and then the words were breathed in husky and uncertain whispers:

"I forgive you, my daughter, for having quickened into being desires I have kept for years trodden down with an iron heel—pardon you, but we must not talk about them. Yet it matters little now. My race is soon to be ended, and I shall go to seek the reward for which I have labored, and, I trust, not in vain. If there is a skeleton within my heart, it is buried deep—very deep."

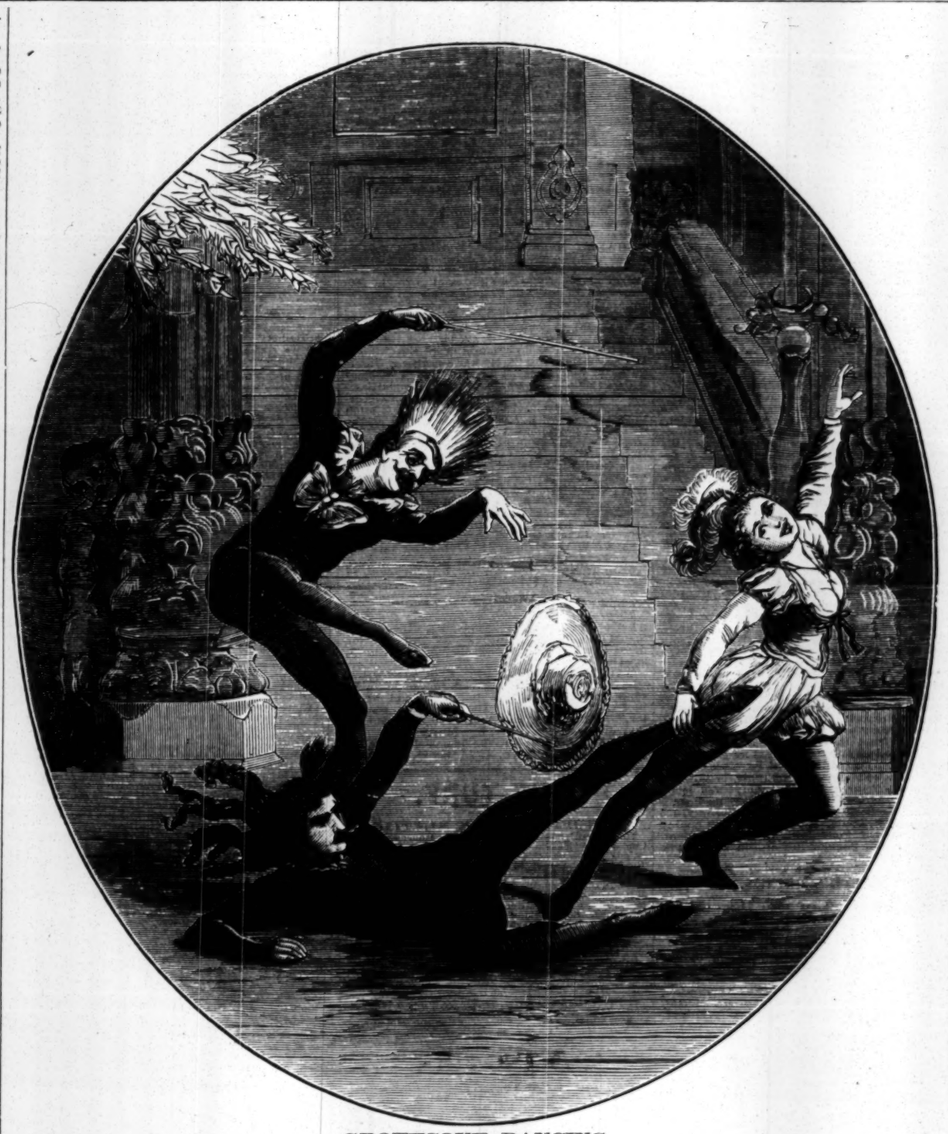
He arose with the words, and abruptly left the room. But his absence was a brief one, and, returning, he handed Irene a chain of gold to which was suspended a cross of virgin and unworked gold.

"Wear this, my daughter, for the sake of one who will ever remember you in his prayers," he said as well as he could for his tears, and he waved his trembling hands protectingly over her.

Not another word broke the stillness. He led the weeping girl to the carriage, placed her within, saw her depart, and then hastened beyond all human eyes until the priest should have conquered the man.

It was the last time she ever looked upon his benevolent face. Their paths in life were widely separated; but he would never be forgotten, come what might. And should days of trouble and sorrow gather darkly around her, it might well be that she would long for a life so unvexed by human passions, and for the sublime faith that could even look with trust "beyond the veil."

TO BE CONTINUED.



GROTESQUE DANCING.

SEE "AMUSEMENT ANNALS" FOR "THE LEG-MANIA OF THE HIGH-KICKERS."

FOREST PICTURES.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

'Tis pleasant in the joyous Spring the forest bowers to tread,
Where shadows of the living leaves dance lightly o'er the dead,
And ever, as we wander on, gleams forth some beauteous thing—
The sparkle of a bubbling fount, the glancing of a wing.

And then the glimpses that we catch of sky and stream and glade,
Where stretches to the forest's verge the natural arcade:
How sweetly though the twilight gloom breaks in the sunny scene,
Like imaginings of Eden through the shadows of a dream!

I love in some green hiding-place to sit without a sound
Till come the forest denizens all gamboling around,
While through the crashing underwood the stag unconscious stalks,
And gracefully the squirrel bounds along the forest-walks.

The scarlet-tufted woodpecker again his hammer plies,
And bird to bird through all the wood to every tone replies,
The while the subtle mocking-bird, with ever-varying call,
Sits laughing on the chesnut-bough, the echo of them all.

How often mid such sylvan scenes for hours I've sat and mused,
My setter crouching at my feet, my fowling-piece unused,
Till, loving every living thing, I softly crept away,
Afraid to blight the timid ones I came intent to slay.

THE MODEL OF PARTHENOPE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY DR. L—— G.

"Then Fate hath freed the passion for our death,
And we are sold."—P. J. Bailey.

It was only a face—a witching, haunting face—that flashed upon the sight of Alec Norman as he strolled down Broadway, marveling where he should ever find, in living, breathing beauty, the ideal model of his unfinished Parthenope. He had perfected the tint of the blue-green, Summer seawaves, and had touched the enchanted coast with a magical mist of purple and delicately-drawn gold, through which Ulysses, scornful and commanding, was vanishing in his sublime glory of aspect. He needed nothing to complete the painted dream of his artistic vision but thwarted Parthenope, with her beseeching arms, the glorious pathos of her eyes, and the erotic despair of her inimitable contour of attitude.

Involuntarily he turned, his frosty-blue eyes keen as sabre-points, shooting eager glances through the crowd for the girl he had passed. He saw her a vision in silver-gray, with curls of red-auburn sweeping her supple waist, her mouth like an unblown blossom of crimson, her eyes like amethystine stars, and her dainty features as exquisitely cut as an ancient cameo.

"That is the face I want," thought the artist; "and what an incomparable one!—a lily-bud with a heart of fire! Ah!"

Someone had carelessly jostled the beautiful unknown, and a tiny canine pet, nestled in her arms, and startled at the rude, blunt elbow-thrust, sprang to the curb.

The tinkle of a silver bell, a little, helpless growl of terror, and the fluffy ball of the *genus canis* was crouching helplessly before the hoofs of two half-trained, snorting omnibus-horses.

"Pearl! come here, Pearl!" and the voice of the girlish unknown was as melodious as if a chime of wedding-bells were hidden within her milk-white throat.

It is said that the pose of the Wounded Amazon was suggested to the artist by seeing a beggar-girl catching a flea. So it happened that the famous representation of Parthenope flinging herself in the sea for love of Ulysses was suggested to Alec Norman as he saw this beguiling divinity with bronze-red ringlets throw herself before the heavy, rumbling wheels to save her silken-coated, bead-eyed Pearl.

"Stop!" commanded a policeman with an authoritative gesture.

"The girl will be killed!" ejaculated one of the pausing throng.

"I hope you are not hurt," observed Alec Norman as he gallantly bore the pale, rose-lipped beauty and her pet to the pavement in safety.

"Not at all, thanks to you," she answered; and the lustrous violet orbs flashed on him from the dark fringe of her quivering lashes. She folded her downy, shuddering pet to her bosom, and in a moment more had disappeared with the dispersing crowd.

As he gazed after her, someone clasped his arm. "You did well, Sir Knight Norman," said a familiar voice.

The knight of the brush and palette turned quickly.

"Who is she, Hal?"

"Indeed, I thought you knew. I was vain enough to suppose that that pretty rescue of Pearl and her sweet mistress was effected for the sake of chum-friendship. She is Miss Camille De La Vera, my present inamorata."

Alec Norman turned his proud, black eyes full upon the visage of his old friend.

"Your inamorata, Hal?" he said. "You cannot mean to infer that the innocent and charming Camille De La Vera is but the object of a transient passion—that you will not make her your wife?"

"Lightly, Alec, lightly!" was the gay rejoinder that his friend fancied concealed a feeling too deep to acknowledge. "Only for these two hands I must 'dig or starve,' as Cataline declared. What would I do with a wife as poor as myself?"

"But, Hal, but ——" was the faltering response, abruptly ended.

"I know what you say," was the uneasy answer; "but you are so cold, so wedded to your canvas and easel, that you cannot understand how delicious to me is a woman's smile. It is my evening dessert after my day of legal labor, Alec. Poor Camille!"

They had turned into a noiseless side-street, flanked by handsome houses.

Alec wheeled about and faced Hal Reynolds earnestly.

"See here, my friend," he said. "That girl is a treasure. You have told me that she belongs to you by every tie except that sanctioned by a hoop of gold and the mummery of a ceremony. If she loves you, her divine influence and her more worldly practical economy will make you a useful and prosperous man, if you will acknowledge her. Do it, Hal."

"You are mad," was the reply. "If you want to help her, hire her as a model for that wonderful Parthenope. You will pay her well, and I imagine the poor child and her blind father have been hungry many a day since she, with a score of others, lost employment by the failure of Bliss & Bullion."

"Will you introduce me?" inquired Norman, disgusted with the indifferent; debonair man who had proposed so welcome a suggestion.

"Certainly," said Reynolds; "but you must not make love to her."

"Do not judge *me* by what you might do," retorted the artist, frowning.

"Oh, certainly not!" was the cool observation, "or I might warn her, as I sail for France to-morrow, and must introduce you to-night. Come, Sir Knight!"

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"It is finished," he cried, flinging down his brush in rapturous delight.

Camille left her place. She took a step towards him, her pale, sea-green garments floating about her superb form in tremulous folds.

"Come," he said, clasping her hand and drawing her towards the canvas.

She saw her painted counterpart—a mythological creature—queen, siren, and mermaid in one fanciful incarnation; at her bared feet, the mellow foam flashing in a fusion of sapphire and emerald, behind her the golden-purplish haze of the coast, and in the distance the misty contour of unheeding Ulysses.

She started, her satiny cheeks flushed like the dawn, and her veiled eyes aflame; for she saw that the devout artist in his magical manipulation had imprisoned by one touch of his master-pencil the passionate intensity of a feeling she had hoped was forever masked from his sight.

"Why do you blush and tremble?" he asked. "Surely ——"

In that fatal pause the lover conquered the artist.

He drew her closer, forgetting his friend, forgetting everything except his wild and overwhelming passion, whose utterance could no longer be suppressed.

"You love me, Camille—you love me!" he cried; but she, falsely faithful to Hal Reynolds, whose claim had held her so long, shrank from his embrace and covered her face with her hands.

"Oh, why did I ever see you? Why did you love me?" she said.

Even the sharp clutch of remorse that wrenched the heart of Alec Norman could not stop him then.

"It was fate, my sweet girl. Were we not made to love each other? Mine you are, and mine you shall be. Has he not wronged you? You feel it is so; but, Camille, *I* ask you to be my wife—mine always, beloved, protected, and honored."

He clasped her, panting, paling, weeping, to his heart, and took his answer from the sweet, inarticulate speech of her throbbing lips. A few mornings later Camille De La Vera, in a dim and quiet chapel, assumed the vows of wifehood.

During the next year the artist and his bride occupied a pretty house in the city suburbs, very tranquil and happy in their love and seclusion. Of Hal Reynolds they never heard, and rarely spoke, both hoping that his angry or contemptuous eyes might never disturb the contentment of their love. But it was destined to be otherwise; and the man Camille Norman had favored with a girlish fancy she had deemed affection was to prove a cruel avenger, choosing the hour of her supremest security to smite her to the soul.

No premonition of trouble came to her with the dawning of that fatal day. At the door of her pretty boudoir Alec kissed her, and went up to his studio. Her elegant bower was filled with the song of her canaries, and through the cloudy lace that draped the open windows floated the breeze-borne musk of roses and the spice of honeysuckles.

Presently Alec heard her at the piano, and the music of a fairy waltz came to his ear like the tinkle of sweet waters. He dropped his brush and listened; and the old frosty glitter came back to his blue eyes, which were ever warm and tender for the beautiful creature he called wife. Was there a skeleton secret perpetually peering at him from the past, that often in his solitude his handsome face was clouded with a strange look of unrest and regret?

"My happy darling," he murmured, "may she never know the truth until I can right the wrong I have done her."

The waltz-melody ceased, and with a sigh he resumed his work.

Meanwhile Camille had been startled from her music by the unexpected apparition of Hal Reynolds. The sudden thunderbolt had fallen out of her serene Summer sky.

"I have come to you," he hissed, "as Lucifer came to Elissa. If my hate and scorn can strike you dead, I shall lose the sweetest revenge that ever a jilted lover knew."

"You would not harm *him*?" she gasped in terror. "You cannot forget that he was once your friend?"

"Friend!" he answered with a bitter sneer. "His friendship would shame the most treacherous enmity. Would you plead for Alec Norman when he has betrayed you?"

"I am his wife," said she uplifted her head with a touching movement of pride.

"Indeed!" he responded with a grating and offensive laugh. "I will introduce you to Mrs. Norman."

With a shudder Camille quailed before the sinister glance and significant tone, as her whilom lover strode to the door and flung it open, admitting a woman, short, slight, small of head and eye, cold and colorless, with unexpressive features, and thin, hard lips. Her rich attire failed to mask the gross, ignorant, maniacal nature that quickened this repulsive piece of human clay. A muffled ejaculation of incredulous pain escaped Camille's white lips. It was not possible that Alec Norman, refined, spirited and ambitious, had ever claimed this being by any tie whatsoever!

Reading her face aright, Hal Reynolds laughed like a gladdened fiend; then he uttered or whispered a word of command to the repellent creature, who instantly turned upon Camille a volley of vituperation, and in the midst of it all Alec Norman entered.

He put out his arms towards the wondering, agitated Camille, and she sprang into his embrace as the hunter-driven doe hides in the familiar covert.

"It is not true, is it, Alec?" she asked timidly, awed unspeakably at the hopeless consternation on the face she loved.

He drew her to a sofa, and seated her tenderly among the cushions, standing beside her as if to protect her from a thousand worlds of woes.

"Camille," he said solemnly, while great drops of sweat rolled over the brow, suddenly grown haggard, let me tell you the story in my own way. Will you listen?"

She bowed her head, and in the shadow of the silken window-drapery touched his hand with her hot lips.

"Ten years ago," he began, "when I was a beardless youth, I was enticed into a marriage with that woman. She was twenty-nine, I was nineteen. Ask her what sort of a helpmeet she was to the boy she made her husband! Ask her how my baby Essie died! Ask her whose hand in drunken fury flung the blazing lamp into the crib where my innocent babe was sleeping! Ask her if she recalls the awful moment when her child died in agony! Camille, I never loved her—she knows it. The day my little Essie was hidden in her Winter grave I gave this woman all my fortune, and left her forever. That was seven years ago, Camille. Love is as necessary to our hearts as the air of heaven is to our physical life. I met you, and I loved you. How could I tell you this maddening secret of my sorrow, when I desired you above any other earthly or heavenly possession? *She* is nothing more to me than the fell shadow following me, to vex and thwart my best affections. Leave me lonely and loveless, Camille, if you will, but remember you will never be loved as I love you. Some time, my darling one, I may prove how sincerely I adore you."

"Supposing that you survive me," hissed the venomous voice of her who had so ruthlessly invaded Camille's sunny Eden; "but that I shall prevent."

She thrust her lean, claw-like hand within her bosom, and withdrew a Spanish stiletto with a jewel-crusted hilt, and sprang upon Norman with the cry of a wounded leopardess.

"Kill me, but spare him!" exclaimed Camille, throwing herself upon Alec's breast as the gleaming blade came down with a violent thrust, while Hal Reynolds, amazed at the spirit of tragedy he had evoked in his revengeful mood, stood moveless and powerless with terror.

He would have turned and fled, had not his every nerve and muscle been paralyzed with guilty fright.

As he gazed with nightmare-horror, the stiletto shot out of the woman's murderous hand, and fell with a steely ring upon the marble base of a sculptured Hebe.

He heard her stifled curse, and saw her stagger like one drunken, and then, with bloody foam oozing from her lips, sink prone upon the carpet.

"She is dead," cried Camille in a shocked voice.

"O Alec!"

"See here, my friend," he said. "That girl is a treasure. You have told me that she belongs to you by every tie except that sanctioned by a hoop of gold and the mummery of a ceremony. If she loves you, her divine influence and her more worldly practical economy will make you a useful and prosperous man, if you will acknowledge her. Do it, Hal."

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NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JUNE 9,, 1877.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

J. H. G. C., Albany.—Since answering you in our issue of May 19 concerning the first production of "David Garrick" in this country, we can now state that it was acted in the California Theatre, San Francisco, Cal., Feb. 5, 1859, which conclusively proves that the announcement made, when it was performed for the first time in this city at the Theatre Comique, Aug. 16, 1869, stating that it was for the first time in America, was erroneous. It was acted seven consecutive times in San Francisco, and the cast included Lawrence Barrett as Garrick, Sedley Smith as Ingot, John T. Raymond as Abbey, E. B. Holmes as Smith, S. W. Leach as Brown, Willie Edouin as Jones, Miss Emelie Melville as Ada Ingot, Mrs. Judah as Mrs. Smith, and Mrs. Saunders as Miss Araminta Brown.

WILLOW, Rock Island.—"A man is on third base, ready to run in home. A man at bat, who bats a fly to pitcher, and when halfway between first and home the batter stops, thinking the fly will surely be caught. The pitcher muffs the ball, and in attempting to pick it up kicks it with his foot. The batsman then attempts to make first, but is too slow, and is put out. During this time the man on third comes in home before batsman is put out, who makes the third man out. Should the score for base running (from third to home) be counted?"

. . . The run does not count. See rule of base running.

RED CAP, St. Paul.—"The ball was thrown home, and the base runner touched by the catcher, who, after touching the base-runner, dropped the ball. Umpire, decided 'out' on the ground that the ball *must* be held. Was I correct in my decision, or not?".....The question is, did the fielder catch and hold the ball plainly before touching the runner? If he did, then the runner was out; if there was any doubt on that point, then he was not out.

PITCHER.—The man who made three tricks is entitled to but one point, unless his opponent was the one who first declared himself alone, in which case the latter is euchred, and the other takes two points. There could not be two lone hands. As soon as the player who made or took up or ordered up the trump announced a lone hand, he shut out all the others from the privilege, unless they were playing "railroad euchre."

SAM HAY, Oshkosh.—"A baseman came to the bat out of turn, the ball was passed through twice, and on the second ball pitched the umpire claimed one strike. Then claimed the batter out; but they objected, saying that no ball had been struck or a fair strike made. I claimed him out for being out of turn, and having a strike called on him."..... He was not out, as he had not struck a fair ball or been put out.

JOE INGLETROT JR.—1. In France and America, for example, it takes these figures to make a billion (1,000,000,000). In Great Britain it takes three more ciphers, or 1,000,000,000,000. These ciphers succeeding a unit make a trillion, according to the French system. In Great Britain, a trillion will be described thus (1,000,000,000,000,000,000), should there ever be any occasion to describe it.

J. H. CARLE HART, Brooklyn.—1. Mr. Stewart's nomination to be Secretary of the Treasury was not confirmed simply because, as a drygoods merchant, he had a direct interest in importations. There is an old law covering this point. 2. Foreign-born citizens are now eligible to that Secretaryship, and they *per se* were eligible at the time A. T. Stewart was nominated.

SHAMROCK, Boston.—1. The bet is a draw if the clubs agree to draw the game. 2 Presumptively, A loses. You have not stated the facts as to the fourth game. A called game in which the score is not necessarily a drawn game. Darkness or rain may have caused the calling of it. That would make a void game as between the clubs, but not a void game as to all kinds of bets.

SHAUGHRAN.—As follows: Mark Smith, Paris, France, Aug. 11, 1874; J. W. Brutone, this city, Nov. 24, 1876; Melinda Jones, Boston, Mass., Dec. 12, 1875; George Belmore, this city, Nov. 26, 1875; A. W. Fenno, this city, Dec. 31, 1873; Matilda Heron, this city, March 7, 1877; Charlotte Cushman, Boston, Mass., Feb. 18, 1876; F. B. Conway, Manchester, Mass., Sept. 7, 1874.

BASEBALL, Pittsburg.—"Can a ball that is pitched easily or slowly be knocked farther than a ball that is pitched *very* swiftly"—considering, of course, that both balls are hit precisely with the same degree of power and force, the swiftly pitched ball will go farthest, as a rule. The exception is when hit with all the force at command, in which case the slowly pitched ball will go the farthest.

C. O. F., Cincinnati.—The Cincinnati-Louisville 8-to-5 game having been adjudged illegal, all bets on it are the same as if they had never been laid, except such as were specially made subject to the umpire's decision, and these the backers of Cincinnati win. On your statement, the bet is a draw.

H. G. J., Sterling.—1. Scratches cannot be removed from a meerschaum pipe without diminishing the size of the pipe. 2. You are not too old to learn tumbling and horizontal-bar performances. 3. Send $1.50 to Ed. James, as per our advertisement, and he will send you a book which gives instructions in such matters.

DAN.—1. The "cutter" can shuffle the cards, the dealer can shuffle after the "cutter" has done so, or they can compel the "cutter" to cut them properly. 2. Any player can pass before the draw, providing no bet has been made ahead of him. Should anyone bet behind him, he can come in for a bet ahead of him.

NO SIGNATURE.—"P bets contrary." The contrary may mean either that the Supreme Court did not decide that Hayes was elected President, or that it decided that he was not elected President. Consequently, we cannot tell whether T loses or draws. All we can say is that the Supreme Court rendered no decision whatever.

RED WING.—Usually ten (tin), twenty-five (silver), golden (fifty), and seventy-five (diamond) years. The couples can, however, celebrate all these events within twenty-five or fifty-two years, if they choose. The practice differs in different countries, and also differs with different individuals.

J. D., Chicago.—1. A lost, according to our ruling. 2. You are wrong in your argument. For A to win, it was not necessary that the score should be 2 to 1. A score of 2 to 0 would make him winner as surely. 3. We do not offer magnetic time keepers or anything else.

MRS. G. P. T., Boston.—We cannot. A letter, inclosing stamp for reply, addressed to L. L. Sharpe, McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, Ill., will elicit the information. She never used that name professionally; therefore we have no record of it.

DAN.—No. 1 person, standing upon the back of a horse while riding around a circus ring, has ever turned a double somersault. It would be impossible for any person to leap sufficiently high in the air to make two complete revolutions before alighting on the horse's back.

SHOWMEN, Oneonta.—1. Harry Watkins first introduced the "Ghost Illusion" in this country in Wallack's Theatre, this city. It is not copyrighted. 3. Time may say how many. There are quite a number. 4. Lotta first appeared in a variety theatre in San Francisco, Cal.

MORRIS, Spring Hill.—1. The Siamese Twins—Chang and Eng—were born in Siam, Farther India, in 1811; therefore A. S. wins. 2. We presume that that day is meant on which the Germans of this city celebrated the close of the Franco-Prussian War. It was April 19, 1871.

YOUR FRIEND, Huntsville.—1. The heir-apparent to the Russian throne is the Grand Duke Alexander, born Feb. 26, 1845 (or March 10, our style). 2. The Grand Duke Vladimir was born next, and on Jan. 2, 1850, the Grand Duke Alexis was born third.

MR. J. A., Pittsburg.—Pay no attention to the matter

CONSTANT READER.—They must be made to order.

S. P. A.—The dealer should serve the player at once.

KINKRAD, Miamisburg.—See "Amusement Annals."

H. MASON, Milwaukie.—Yes; by 2 to 0, at Syracuse.

J. D. B., Phoenixville.—We know nothing of them.

C. J. F., Fenton.—She is not acting at present.

J. Q. A., Sacramento.—No answers by mail. We have advertised your letter (inclosed to her address) in our letter-list.

SUBSCRIBER, Windham.—We know no more about them than you do.

D. D. D., Grand Rapids.—We do not know.

S. B. V.—Remittance not received.

PUGILIST, Corning.—A loses.

JASPER.—A wins the game.

LIKE MANY of our political contemporaries, we have no opinion to offer concerning Hayes' policy. We are among those who make haste slowly, and, though we still believe that *honesty* is the best policy, we are nevertheless disposed to give the President a fair trial. If the crowd go with him, and back him up well behind the bat, we shall give him our support. Should the people turn down their thumbs at him, and scarify him, we shall fraternize with the people, and bite our thumb at him as in divers ways provided. Thus, in confidence, we give you our prospective platform. It is too early in the day to come out flat-footed and square-toed—we need time, we need patience, we need confidence. If President Hayes desires to secure our influence and approval, he must stand up to the rack, fodder or no fodder, and thus conciliate all conflicting interests and narrow-minded issues; but we warn him against trying our temper, for there is a lurking devil within us that will brook no intolerable selfishness, nor suffer the independence of a free and enlightened people to be jeopardized. So far we have taken no part in the effort to start a new party. Should the proposed party assume large proportions, and threaten the dissolution of existing parties, we may join the new sect; if, however, there is no vitality in the bantling, it must incur our unmitigated condemnation. These are perilous times for independent and neutral journalists.

THE DERBY.—This great racing festival came to pass on Wednesday, May 30, and Silvio, an outsider, took the inside track, steadily moved to the front, and went in a winner, to the discomfiture of the thousands who had pinned their faith and ducats on the favorite, Chamant. The prophets of the press were placed in a very awkward position by the result of the race, as not one of them had selected Silvio as the winner, and those they had foretold as victors were just nowhere—placed hors du combat, as it might be. Mr. Sanford's Brown Prince, "on whom we built our hopes," wrestled and struggled to the bitter end, but without avail, and thus the laurels alight not on our brow, and we "mourn the hopes departed." Had our friends taken our advice, and wagered their money on the winner, they would not be bowing their heads in grief today, nor lamenting the lightness of their pocketbooks. Chamant, the favorite, is supposed to have contracted the epizooty, and thus gone amiss at the very worst time. The great event having been settled, affairs of State will now engross attention, and the wheels of government will revolve as usual.

THE LATEST EGG STORY is the best. It relates how a young woman in Ohio wrote a verse on the shell of an egg, requesting whoever found it to communicate with her at once. A Jerseyman complied with this request, and now the twain are one. We are willing to swallow this, with a little salt, but we would respectfully suggest that the newly *yolked* pair ought to embalm that egg! We refrain from adding "Eggsactly."

THE AVERAGE COLLEGE STUDENT, when he goes home on a vacation, nowadays, doesn't fling Latin quotations at the defenseless head of his parents; but when he gets to talking in his sleep he says: "Hold your second! Put it home lively now! Take your third—plenty of time." Then he clutches the sheet convulsively, and, rising up on one elbow, he cries out: "Judgment!"

FOR READING ALOUD we know of nothing more improving than an account of a battle between the Russians and Turks. By the time the narrative is finished, the reader will be prepared to sit down to boarding-house steak and call it tender.

TWINS.—Taking advantage of Sheridan, who was "twenty miles away"—allured by domestic felicities—Sitting Bull got up and made a raid upon our braves at the front, and circumvented us. Let the entire performance be not repeated.

WE PROMISED OURSELVES not to touch the subject again, but here is positively the last—for the present. If Russia wins, they will shout "Who—Czar!" but if Turkey gobbles up the Czar, what will they shout then?

WHILE YOU are making your mind up as to the most comfortable place wherein to spend your Summer vacation, let us suggest that a good place to rectify your faults is the *See Error* Mountains!

A MAN BY THE NAME of Golden has been arrested in Boston for stealing the money which had been subscribed for the burial of his wife. Boston may be said to have found the *Golden mean*.

REGNOLD still lives, notwithstanding the combined assaults of five merciless Juliets. Would that we could say the same of Shakespeare; but, alas! he was ruthlessly slain in cold blood.

ERASTUS BROOKS, of the oldest established *Express* line, has retired from the journalistic profession, and will now enjoy that quiet rest which years of constant toil entitle him to.

IF HAYES appoints Gen. Pillow a Judge, will not all the cases decided by him be *Pillow cases?* "Our Jim" says he don't know *feather* they will or not.

AN EXCHANGE declares that Moody is still in Boston. Evidently a mistake—he doesn't keep still in any place.

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

*** On May 28: The jury in the Saratoga launch disaster, at Chester, Pa., found that the death of the victims was due to accident.....Thomas Duffy, one of the murderers of B. F. Yost, was sentenced to be hanged at Pottsville, Pa.....William Rudolph, aged 43, committed suicide by shooting in this city.....Baptiste Schwaerzler, residing in Jersey City, shot and perhaps fatally wounded his wife, Francoise.....At Philadelphia, Teresa Weiss, aged 45, was arrested for attempting to poison the family of her employer, Mr. Siegel.....Thomas Ryan, a barkeeper, stabbed and instantly killed Michael Moriarty in this city.....In News was received of the loss of the ship Mary Stewart, County, Ga., of Jerry Snead, Stephen Abram and William Booth, negroes, for the murder of Mrs. C. C. Chambliss, aged 18.....Cable news: Ex-President Grant and family arrived at Liverpool, Eng., in the steamer Indiana, and a hearty welcome was extended by the Mayor, Common Council and many citizens. The Court of Inquiry regarding the loss of the steamship Dakota censures the captain and second and fourth officers for carelessness, but does not consider the carelessness sufficient to warrant the withdrawal of their certificates. Wesley was murdered in Northumberland, Eng. Ishmail Bey, suspected of being concerned in the late Sofia demonstration at Constantinople, was exiled to Broussa. A Circassian colonel was expelled and five other Circassian officers in the Russian service were shot at Krajova for complicity in a conspiracy. Prince Milan, one of the leaders of the Polish Rebellion in 1863, and who escaped after being condemned to exile, has been captured and shot at Warsaw, Russia.....Mrs. H. N. Whitman was reported to have been murdered on the 20th, near Friendship, Md. Her husband was suspected of the crime.....Capt. Wm. Smith, Chas. Lake and Michael Kelly were burned to death by an explosion of naphtha on a lighter, at this port.....Frederick Wilkeing, 33 years old, hung himself in this city.....Fires: Zeing's and Middaugh's Hotels, Bruce's Block, Bank of Commerce, and a number of other buildings, at Walkertown, Ont., loss about $250,000; the building occupied by the National Printing Co., and O. L. American & Co., at Chicago, Ill.—loss $68,000, covered by insurance.

*** May 29: The Chico, Cal., murderers Charles and John Slaughter, T. R. Roberts and F. Conway, were sentenced each to twenty-five years' imprisonment. T. W. Stainbrook received a sentence of twenty-seven years and six months.....In Hamilton County, O., a young man named Nudgin was beaten to death by a Mr. Bolce. Their buggies had collided.....News was received of an engagement 90 miles from the mouth of the Tongue River, on the 9th, between the U. S. troops and Indians under Sitting Bull and Lame Deer. The Indians were defeated and their 100-lodge village destroyed.....Cable news: The long-overdue steamer City of Brussels arrived at Liverpool, Eng., in charge of four tugs. A large crowd cheered and congratulated the passengers. A demonstration in favor of Russia was made at Belgrade, Servia, the Metropolitan offering prayers for Russian success before the Prince and Princess and an immense crowd. The Turkish Government decided to admit foreigners to its service, and a number of English gentlemen of experience are about to join the Ottoman forces, among them the Hon. Mr. Drummond. The Scherif of Mecca has placed the treasures of the Holy Shrine, the accumulated money-gifts from pilgrims, aggregating 200,000,000 piastres, at the Sultan's disposal.....Fires: Wilson & Hunting's saw-mill, at Baltimore, Md.—loss $30,000, partially insured; the Champness Block, composed of residences, at Ottawa, Ont.—loss $10,000, covered by insurance; Fleming & Steel's stores, at Ottawa, Ont.—loss $10,000.....A freight-train backed into a hand-car near Newark, N. J., Philip Goodman, Thos. Horgan and Ed. Henry losing their lives, and John Donnellan being seriously injured.

*** May 30: Impressive Decoration-day services were held in this city and other parts of the States. At Chattanooga, Tenn., and elsewhere in the South, the graves of the Union and Confederate dead were alike strewn with flowers.....Parliament was received of the loss, on May 10, near Tartur Shoals, and thirteen miles from shore, of the Pacific Mail steamer City of San Francisco. She struck upon an unknown rock, and sank in thirty feet of water. All the passengers were rescued, but their baggage, money, and ship's money were lost.....Mrs. Lydia Sherman, sentenced to imprisonment for life for poisoning her husband and six children, escaped from prison at Weathersfield, Ct.....At Middletown, N. Y., Samuel Rumsly, indicted for shooting Frank S. Taylor, was acquitted on the ground of self-defense.....Fires: Londgay & Co.'s sawmill, flouring-mill, etc., at Oscoda, Mich.—loss $150,000, partially insured; about eighty houses, principally dwellings, at Montreal, Canada—loss $500,000, insurance comparatively light; the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Railroad Co.'s breaker, at Hanover, Pa.—loss $85,000; J. & C. Harris' drygoods store, and T. & E. Taylor's grocery, Moncton, N. B.—loss $50,000.....Ritchie McManus was fatally burned by the explosion of a pot at the Dominion Paint-oil Works, Montreal, Canada.....A heavy shock of earthquake was felt at Paso Robles, Cal.....Cable news: The Russians were repulsed with great loss in an attack on the Turkish positions at Bartoum. The recapture of Arabian by the Turks was claimed and denied. It was admitted that Germany was making efforts to secure the restoration of peace. Gen. Grant was enthusiastically received at Manchester, Eng., the Mayor and other members of the corporation meeting him, and an address being presented by the City Council at Town Hall.....John Cohen was stated to have received fatal injuries by falling from a church-steeple in Pittsburg, Pa.

*** May 31: The South Carolina Legislature declared Judge Carpenter's seat vacant, which was considered an act of bad faith.....At New Orleans, La., M. Rosecan was sentenced to be hung June 8 for the murder of Cyrus Brignac.....W. H. Brown & Bros.' wholesale drug-house, at Baltimore, Md., was destroyed by fire, occasioning a loss of $95,000; insured for $96,500. Other fires: The village of Greenwood, Mich., consisting of fifteen houses, completely destroyed; Philip Shiner's tea and coffee store, Vesey street, this city—loss $7,000, insured.....Elisha Watson of South Kensington, R. I., drowned himself.....Cable news: Mukhtar Pasha was stated to have been dismissed from the command of the Turkish army because he made gross misrepresentations regarding the strength of the forces under his command. Greece delegates from Thessaly and Epirus have held a meeting to stimulate the demand for war; a new ministry hostile to Turkey has also been formed. An anti-Turkish meeting at Birmingham, Eng., addressed by Mr. Gladstone, was attended by 30,000 people. A British fleet is at Piamuteo, in Roumania, was sunk by order of the Russian commander.....Horace F. Smith, railroad freight-agent, was drowned opposite Memphis, Tenn.....John Gregory, Harry Waiters, and a man named Pope were killed by a powder-explosion at Georgetown, Col.

*** June 1: Lame Deer was stated to have been killed in the engagement between the Second Cavalry and Indians in May.....A railroad accident near Wyalusing, Pa., caused the death of Mrs. Hoover and Mrs. Hickey, and seriously injured many others.....Rev. Mr. Sanford was relieved from the effects of sunstroke, committed suicide by shooting in London, Ont.....The body of a man who committed suicide in this city May 29 was identified as that of Fritz Reichart.....Fires: Edy's stables, in which there were forty-three horses, and Dr. Edy, and the past three years had been in command at Camp Apache, Arizona—there, recently.

PEABODY, Jeremiah D.—Brother of the late George Peabody, the London philanthropist—Zanesville, O., May 29.

PELOUZE, Major Charles F.—U. S. Consular Agent at Iquique. He had recently been Consular Agent at Mollendo, Peru, and Vice-consul at Callao. Formerly, for a number of years, he was employed in the San Francisco Custom-house—Iquique, Peru, May 6.

POPER, Allen—A highly esteemed resident of Hamburg, Erie County, N. Y. Instantly killed by a falling tree—there, May 31, aged 60.

REED, Rev. Joseph—Chancellor of the Catholic Diocese of Hartford, Ct. He was a native of Waterbury, in that State, and studied at St. Charles College, Maryland, and also at the Provincial Seminary, which latter institution he was connected with. He was ordained in May, 1869. After officiating as a missionary in Birmingham, Ct., he became curate at the Cathedral, Providence, R. I., and ultimately was advanced to the Chancellorship in Hartford—that city, June 1.

ROSENBERG, Dr. Israel—An old physician who came to this city from New Hampshire about a half century ago, and for the past twenty years had resided at the St. Nicholas Hotel. In 1828 he graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons, this city—suddenly, in a Third-avenue car, this city, June 2, aged 75.

SANDEAU, Jules—Well-known French dramatic author—France, recently, aged 68.

SMITH, Horace F.—General Freight-agent of the Memphis Division of the Louisville, Nashville and Great Southern Railroad. Drowned—Mississippi River, near Memphis, May 30.

WEIR, Robert—For a long time the first teller of the Bank of Pennsylvania, with which, in one position or another, he was connected for more than thirty years—Philadelphia, June 1, aged 86.

WARFIELD, Miss Catherine A.—A novel-writer who has been extensively read in the Southern country during the past few years, and whose best-known works are "The Cardinal's Daughter," "Fern Flaming," and "The Household of Bouverie"—Pewee Valley, Ky., May 25.

WALKER, John T.—Of the firm of J. T. Walker & Hammond—Brooklyn, N. Y., May 28, aged 33.

THE TURF.

THE JEROME PARK MEETING.

The eleventh spring meeting of the American Jockey Club commenced at Jerome Park June 2, with fine weather, a large assemblage of spectators, and capital racing. The array of four-in-hand coaches at the course was also unprecedentedly large.

Considerable curiosity was felt as to the effect which the entire suppression of auction and mutual pool-selling would have on betting and the general enjoyment of the racing. Book-making on the English system, or the laying of definite odds against the horses starting in the various races, prevailed on the course, but only to a limited extent, the offer for the recognized official bookmakers of the club, alarmed at the number of bettors desirous of accepting the odds he offered, closed his book and moneyboy with the remark that he would not open again. The makers essayed to accommodate the public by betting the odds; but the prices offered were ridiculously low and out of reason. The regular habitues of the race course loudly expressed their dissatisfaction with the new style of things, and the absence of all enthusiasm among the spectators after a race was decided was a marked feature of the day's sport.

The first race was a dash of three-quarters of a mile, for all ages, for a purse of $400. Seven horses started, viz., P. Lorillard's Parole, 115lb; J. H. Racey's Lexington Second, 118lb; E. E. Norton's Janet Norton, 117lb; D. D. Withers' Cyclone, 113lb; Dwyer Bros.' Rhadamanthus, 122lb; J. R. Keene's Explosion, 115lb; and R. Lorillard's Sister of Mercy, 113lb. Parole was so great a favorite that the bookmakers would not bet against him, but demanded and got odds of 100 to 25 and 100 to 20 on him; hence no betting was done. Explosion and Cyclone were heavily backed, and one amateur bookmaker, in his anxiety to get $40 out of Janet Norton, which he looked upon as being as good as in his pocket, let the latter have the odds to a tenner against that mare. The new starter, Colonel Thomas Puryear, had no difficulty in sending them away without much delay. Janet Norton, getting off a length in front, owing to her quickness in getting into her stride. She showed the way two lengths as they rounded the clubhouse bend, Parole, Rhadamanthus and Explosion in Withers's saddle-girths. The latter fell back on the turn, and Cyclone took third place. Coming up the stretch, the hopes of Parole's backers were excited by seeing him gain on Janet Norton; but, his rider not being young enough to let the mare loose, she drew clean away from the favorite, and won easily by three lengths in 1:17½; Cyclone third, as before. Parole, the unexpected victory of the outsider created a sensation among the betting men.

For the Fordham Handicap—a sweepstakes of $50 each, half forfeit, and only $40 if declared out by May 20, the second horse to save his stake, with $300 added—a mile and a quarter—ten came to the post: Smythe's Madge, 6yrs., 117lb; McDaniel's Australind, 5yrs., 106lb; Dwyer Bros.' Rhadamanthus, 4yrs., 112lb; P. Lorillard's Parole, 4yrs., 106lb; Carr & Co.'s Viceroy, 4yrs., 100lb; Brewster & Co.'s Virginius, 4yrs., 112lb; Bowie's Mary, 4yrs., 106lb; Forrest's Faithless, 4yrs., 106lb; Morris' Faithless, 4yrs., 105lb; and Mulkley's Iroquois, 4yrs., 100lb. The betting was 2 to 1 against Virginius, 3 to 1 against Chiquita, 4 to 1 against Madge, 5 to 1 each against Fiddlestick, Joe Daniels and Parole, 6 to 1 against Australind, 8 to 1 each against Mary, Australind, Faithless and Fugitive. Major Doswell took the flag, as Col. Puryear was interested in Virginius, one of the starters. A judicious start was effected, the Missouri mare Chiquita jumping off in front. Parole and Iroquois was two lengths in front as they went past the judges' stand, and she won with perfect ease by three lengths from the fashionable Australind, the race having been won in; Viceroy second, and Fugitive third. Value of the stake, $1,780.

The Withers' Stakes, the most important event of the day, was the next race. It is a sweepstakes of $100 each half forfeit, with $1,000 added, for three-year-olds; second horse to receive $200 out of the stakes; one mile. Nineteen horses came to the post (the largest number that ever started for the stakes since its establishment, four years ago), viz., Reed's Cardinal Woolsey, Dwyer Brothers' Vermont, Belmont's Foreboden, Daniel's Fellowcraft, Belden and Major Barker, Carr & Co.'s Rifle, P. Lorillard's Basil and Bombast, Sears' Corystes, George Lorillard's Loiterer and Joe Daniels, Swigert's Lucidity, Higgins, Belmont's Magnum Bonum, Astor's Frederick the Great, and G. Lorillard's Willie Burke, and McGrath's Leonard. Basil and Bombast were the only horses who claimed the 3lb allowance, the rest carrying 118lb each. Cardinal Woolsey was 2 to 1 against Leonard, 3 to 1 against Basil, 4 to 1 each against Rifle, Cloverbrook, Bombast, Frederick the Great, and G. Lorillard's entry, and 5 to 1 against Mr. Belmont's entry and Magnum Bonum. 6 to 1 against Corystes and Vermont, and 8 to 1 against Cardinal Wolsey and W. I. Higgins. The course is not wide enough for so large a field of horses to get into anything like an even line, so, to get increased room, the starting and finishing points were from a line mown opposite the path from the stand to the club-house, where the ground is almost level. The features the flag fell, Rifle being left behind, and Leonard, Vermont and Basil in some lengths behind the others. Cardinal Wolsey got away in front, with Bombast close up, Glen Dudley third, Corystes fourth, Vermont next, Basil sixth, and the others in straggling order. Cardinal Wolsey and Bombast showed the way at a clipping pace around the turn, past the stand, and down the hill to the club-house bluff. Running around the turn at the half mile, Basil, Leonard, Cloverbrook and Glen Dudley drew clear of the others, the favorite taking third place, and within striking distance of the two leaders. First as he was looking most formidable, and running strong and well in hand, he was struck into by some horse, checked completely over, fell, and threw his jockey. Swim, over the rails, where he lay insensible, and bleeding from the nose and a cut on the face. In falling, Leonard crossed and nearly knocking him down, and the chances of both, along with those of Cloverbrook, were extinguished at once. When the horses became visible on the lower turn, Cardinal Wolsey was seen in the lead; but, as he neared home, the brown colt, Harry Hill's Bombast, challenged the Cardinal, and, settling him in a few strides, galloped home an easy winner of the race by two lengths in 1:46; Cardinal Wolsey second, the same distance before Glen Dudley. Leonard dashed up on a track rideriess, but was finally caught, and found to be severely lamed; so that it is doubtful if he will be able to run again that year.

The fourth race was a dash of one mile and a half, for all ages, for a purse of $400; maiden three year-olds allowed 5lb; four-year-olds, 7lb; and five-year-olds, 10lb. Entered and ran, viz., Reed's c. f. Athlone, 108lb; Doswell's c. c. Lexington, 118lb; Longstaff's br. h. Partnership, 126lb; Davis' c. c. Kenny, 113lb; P. Lorillard's c. g. Preston, 115lb; and Mc-Grath's g. g. Dalfadian, 110lb. The betting was 2 to 1 against Athlone, 3 to 1 each against Rappahannock and Partnership, and 5 to 1 each against Preston and Dalfadian. Athlone running for the first half mile, with Athlone second and Rappahannock in waiting in the rear. At the upper turn Matthews gave Athlone her head, and in a few strides she had passed Preston, and opened a gap of six lengths before rounding the club house hill. She was never headed again, and won easily by six lengths in 2:43. Rappahannock beating Partnership a neck for second place.

The last event on the card was a selling race of a mile and a quarter; allowances of weight according to entered selling price. Seven entered and started: G. Lorillard's Ambush, 113lb; Longstaff's Fraud, 111lb; Reed's Red Coat, 108lb; McDaniel's Sue Dougherty filly, 91lb; Clabaugh's Cyril, 85lb; P. Lorillard's Shirley, 110lb; and Mulcahy's Durango. Betting: 2 to 1 against Red Coat, 3 to 1 each against Ambush and Fraud, and 4 to 1 against any other. Red Coat cut out the running for nearly a mile, with Durango next and Ambush third, but, a little after, leaped Red Coat opposite the lower end of the stand, and, Red Coat quitting, Ambush won cleverly by two lengths in 2:14. Fraud finishing second.

THE OAKS STAKES.

Second in importance to the Derby race, at the annual Spring meeting at Epsom, Eng., is the contest for the Oaks Stakes, of fifty sovs. each, half forfeit, for three-year-old fillies, 122lb; about a mile and a half; the owner of the second filly to receive 300sovs., and the third 150sovs., out of the stakes. It was run for on Friday, June 1, and the cable furnishes the subjoined particulars. The weather was very unpropitious for the contest. It was cold, and there were occasional showers. Barnard's stand was wrecked by the wind. One man and a boy were killed, and five other persons seriously injured. Such a day has hardly ever been witnessed at Epsom. Every tent was blown away. Not a roof was left on any booth. The Prince of Wales, with Gen. Grant, went down to the races in a special train, which left Victoria Station at 1 o'clock. Minister Pierrepont, Count Munster, the German Ambassador, the Duke of Hamilton, Lord D'Abernon and several others traveled by the same train. The betting on the course before the race was as follows: 2 to 1 against Placida, 7 to 2 against Lady Golightly, 6 to 1 against Muscatel, 6 to 1 against La Jouchere, 7 to 1 against Belphoebe, 12 to 1 against Quicksteps, and 20 to 1 against Plaisante. Astree and Mirobolante also ran. At the first attempt the flag fell to an excellent start. Placida at once took the lead, followed by Astree, two lengths in front of La Jouchere. Muscatel being next, and Quicksteps and Belphoebe last. So they ran through the furses, where Astree gave way to La Jouchere, and the rear lot took closer order. Placida still led around Tattenham Corner, where Muscatel took second place, and Lady Golightly and Belphoebe drew up. Lady Golightly, however, being in difficulties. At the distance Belphoebe challenged the leader, but could never get up. Placida won, without being once headed, by three-quarters of a length: half a length between second and third, Lady Golightly fourth, Quicksteps fifth, La Jouchere sixth, Plaisante next, and Mirobolante last. Time, 2:34½. The winner is by Lord Lyon out of Pietas, and is owned by Mr. Fultney.

TROTTING AT FLEETWOOD PARK.

The meeting which commenced on Tuesday, May 29, under favorable auspices of success, lasted four days. The various purses offered by the Association had filled numerously, the weather was fine, and the attendance good. The entire abolition of pool-selling, and its accompanying noise and excitement, was a notable feature, and caused the complete absence of the betting fraternity, who resorted in a crowd to the pool-rooms in the city, which were connected with the track at Fleetwood by telegraph wires. The absence of the bettors, however, was compensated for by the presence of Gilmore's Band, under the leadership of the well-known cornet-player Arbuckle. The only cause of complaint was the remissness of the judges in the discharge of their duties, in allowing so great a waste of time on the part of the drivers in scoring, for in the two trots of the day there were more than thirty false starts. The first trot was for a purse of $1,000, for horses that had never trotted better than 2:30, divided into $500 for the first horse, $250 for the second, $150 for the third, and $100 for the fourth. Of the thirteen horses entered, ten came to the post to start, viz., Goldsmith's b. g. Powers, Green's b. m. Mattie, Ferguson's b. g. Jack, Van Tassel's b. g. Hunt's b. g. Montezuma, Humphrey's bk. g. New Brook, Hunt's b. g. John McDougal, Phillips' bk. m. Lady Emma, Gillett's c. g. Captain Kidd, Reynolds' b. g. Breeze, and Stewart's b. s. Chester. The first heat was won by W. T. Allen (Powers making no effort to win it), beating Montezuma by a neck in 2:33½; Phantom third, Powers fourth, and Chester fifth. Montezuma, in Van Mace's hands, did no better than before, showing that his former driver was not throwing the race. W. T. Allen, who had won a heat, took second money, Phantom third, and Mattie fourth. The second trot was for a purse of $1,000, for horses that had never beaten 2:24, the money divided in four parts, as before. The following started: Weeks' g. g. Tanner Boy, Murphy's b. g. Phantom, Stocking's g. g. Brewer, De Hart's s. m. Little Mary, Richmond's b. g. Orient, and Goodin's g. m. Irene. White Stockings trotted fast, but was too much for a driver to go steadily, Tanner Boy won the race in three straight heats; White Stockings taking second money, Breeze third, and Little Mary fourth. Time, 2:22½, 2:23½, 2:24½.

On the second day, May 30, the first race was for a purse of $500, for horses that had never beaten 2:30, mile heats, three in five, under saddle, for a purse of $500. Two only came to the post, viz., Van Mace's b. g. Jack Hall and W. E. Weeks' b. m. Mary Lamb. Steve Maxwell won the race in three straight heats. Time, 2:32½, 2:27½, 2:30½. Next followed the trot for a purse of $1,000, for horses that had never been beaten 2:27, mile heats, in harness, $500 to the first horse, $250 for second, and $100 to the fourth. Six horses came to the post: Smith's b. g. Young Sentinel, Dan Mace's b. m. Modesty, Hunt's b. g. Montezuma, Murphy's g. g. Thompson, Ticehurst's b. m. Dauntless, and Brown's g. g. Baron F. Young. Sentinel won the race in three straight heats, Modesty taking second, Charley third, and Thompson fourth. Time, 2:30, 2:27½, 2:26.

On Thursday there was a greatly increased attendance. The first race was for a purse of $1,000, for horses that had never been beaten 2:27, divided into four purses, into four moneys. The following came to the post: Post Pooler's b. g. Big Fellow, Goldsmith's b. g. Bateman, Murphy's c. g. Dan Bryant, Doyle's b. g. Faugh-a-Ballagh, Snowden's m. Lady Kildeer, Gilbert Bros.' s. g. Harry Gilbert, Bliss' b. h. Result, Phillips' b. g. Baron Luff, Wheeler's b. g. Kiki, Ayres' b. m. Carrie M., and Howe's b. h. Tom Moore. Big Fellow and Bateman ran a dead heat for a length from Harry Gilbert; Dan Bryant third, and Result fourth. Time, 2:27½. Bateman came in first in the second heat, but under a run, and the judges gave Dan Bryant, who was by the head, and played a waiting game, Bateman second and Baron Luff third. Time, 2:27. In the third heat, for which Tom Moore was withdrawn, Faugh-a-Ballagh was the favorite, Bateman being second choice, and Baron Luff fourth. Time, 2:27. Big Fellow took the fourth heat in 2:29½; Dan Bryant second, Bateman third, and Harry Gilbert fourth, the same horse also won the fifth heat by three lengths in 2:29½; Result second, Lady Kildeer third, and Bateman fourth. The sixth heat was won by Lady Kildeer by three lengths in 2:32½; Big Fellow second, Harry Gilbert third, and Bateman fourth. Darkness coming on, the race was postponed. The second trot was for a purse of $1,500, for horses that had not been. in 2:21 or $750 to first, $375 to second, $225 to third, and $150 to fourth horse. Seven out of the eight horses entered came to the post, viz., Smith's b. g. Joker, Walker's bk. m. May Bird, De Hart's br. m. Hannah D., Phillips' b. g. John H., Murphy's b. g. New Brook, Hunt's b. g. Castle Boy, Dan Mace's bk. g. Prospero, and Gillett's b. g. Proctor. The first heat was won by Hannah D. in 2:23, beating May Bird eight lengths, who was the same distance before Castle Boy, and Mattie fourth. John H. won the second heat by a length from Hannah D.; May Bird got third, and Joker fourth; time, 2:22½. Mattie won the third heat by two lengths in 2:21; May Bird second, Proctor third, and Hannah D. fourth. Mattie won the fourth heat by four lengths from Joker in 2:23½, Hannah D. third, and May Bird fifth. Joker won the fifth heat by half a length from Mattie in 2:25, John H. third, and May Bird fourth. Joker won the sixth heat by half a length from Mattie in 2:26, John H. third, and Hannah D. fourth. The race was now postponed on account of darkness, Mattie and Joker having each won two heats, John H. and Hannah D. a heat each.

On Friday there were finished trots of the previous day were resumed and decided. The race for the 2:27 purse of $1,000 was won by Big Fellow, taking the seventh and deciding heat, in 2:27, Bateman second, Dan Bryant third, and Lady Kildeer fourth; and for the trot for the $1,500 purse, for 2:21 horses, was eventually won by John H., who captured the seventh and eighth heats in 2:26, 2:24; Mattie taking second, Joker third, and Hannah D. fourth. The first race on the day's regular programme was for a purse of $1,000, for horses that had never been beaten 2:30, and was won in three straight heats by Smith's b. h. Young Sentinel, beating Ballou's c. m. Favorite (second money), Goldsmith's b. m. Lettie (third money), Rollin's b. m. Lucca (fourth), Gillett's b. g. Frank Munson, and Cameron's b. g. H. Dorsey; time, 2:27½, 2:26, 2:27. Derby would have got third money but for having made a foul on the favorite in the first turn in the first heat, for which he was distanced. In the free-for-all purse of $2,000 five started: Turner's b. m. Nettie, Ben Mace's c. g. Judge Fullerton, Dan Mace's br. m. Lady Maud, Hamlin's b. g. Cereal Prince, and Green's br. m. Lula. Great Eastern was the favorite until he was seen on the track, when his poor condition caused him to go out of favor, and Judge Fullerton and Lula monopolized the attention of the betting men, who telegraphed their commissions to the pool

BASEBALL.

MATCHES TO BE PLAYED.

LEAGUE GAMES.

June 5, Hartford vs. Boston, at Boston.
June 5, Cincinnati vs. Chicago, at Chicago.
June 5, Louisville vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis.
June 7, Cincinnati vs. Chicago, at Chicago.
June 7, Louisville vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis.
June 9, Cincinnati vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis.
June 9, Louisville vs. Chicago, at Chicago.
June 9 and 12, Boston vs. Hartford, at Brooklyn.
June 12, Cincinnati vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis.
June 12, Louisville vs. Chicago, at Chicago.

OTHER CLUB GAMES.

June 5, Indianapolis vs. Live Oak, at Lynn.
June 5, Star vs. Fall River, at Fall River.
June 5, Milwaukee vs. Fairbank, at Milwaukee.
June 5, Buckeye vs. Hornells, at Hornellsville.
June 5, Erie vs. Rochester, at Rochester.
June 5, Athletic vs. Lowell, at Lowell.
June 5, Philadelphia vs. Allegheny, at Phila.
June 5, Enterprise vs. Keystone, at Jersey City.
June 5, 8, Clinton vs. Cedar Rapids, at Cedar Rapids, Ia.
June 5, Buckeye vs. Auburn, at Auburn.
June 6, Athletic vs. Live Oak, at Lynn.
June 6, Indianapolis vs. Boston, at Boston.
June 6, Star vs. Providence, at Providence.
June 6, Brooklyn vs. Alaska, at Jersey City.
June 6, Twilight vs. Osceola, at Cummunipaw.
June 6, Keystone vs. Defiance, at Philadelphia.
June 6, McClurg vs. Brandywine, at West Chester, Pa.
June 6, Brooklyn vs. Alaska, at Jersey City.
June 6, Erie vs. Genesee, at Genesee.
June 6, 7, Allegheny vs. Hartford, at Union Ground.
June 6, 7, Clinton vs. Marshalltown, at Marshalltown, Ia.
June 6, 7, Tecumseh vs. Rochester, at Rochester.
June 6, 7, Buckeye vs. Cricket, at Binghamton.
June 6, 7, Indianapolis vs. Lowell, at Lowell.
June 7, Auburn vs. Memphis Reds, at Auburn.
June 7, Enterprise vs. Hoboken, at Jersey City.
June 7, Mutual vs. Keystone, at Brooklyn.
June 7, Washington vs. Alaska, at Prospect Park.
June 7, 9, Red Caps vs. Fairbank, at St. Paul.
June 7, Athletic vs. Boston, at Boston.
June 7, Athletic vs. Lowell, at Boston.
June 8, Harvard vs. Princeton, at Cambridge.
June 8, Indianapolis vs. Manchester, at Manchester.
June 8, Buckeye vs. Hornellsville, at Hornellsville.
June 8, Springfield vs. Cincinnati, at Springfield.
June 8, Chelsea vs. Enterprise, at Jersey City.
June 8, Star of Syracuse vs. Hartford, at Brooklyn.
June 8, Auburn vs. Erie, at Auburn.
June 8, 9, Auburn vs. Erie, at Auburn.
June 9, Indianapolis vs. Fall River, at Fall River.
June 9, Hornells vs. Buckeye, at Hornellsville, N. Y.
June 9, Enterprise vs. Randolph (late Star), at Newark.
June 9, Keystone vs. Hoboken, at Jersey City.
June 9, Witeka vs. Hudson, at Brooklyn.
June 9, 11, Tecumseh vs. Star, at Syracuse.

THE PROGRESS OF THE CAMPAIGN.

The first month of the League-pennant campaign is over, the opening experiments in running the contesting nines have been tried, and now all parties are settled down to the regular work of the season. Harry Wright has come out of the first month's contests slightly ahead. With him, as with all the others, it was an experimental month. The play in his nine was not up to the mark whether Brown and Bond or the White Brothers should work the Boston battery, and in what way would it be best to support the attacking force. The St. Louis games quickly showed that the arrangement of the nine made for the opening contest at Brooklyn would not work. The month's play of the team decided the question of Bond or White, and the nine which won so creditable a victory over the strong team of the Brooklyn-Hartfords on Saturday last has been found to be fully competent to attend to the work the club has on hand.

The contests for May in the championship arena have fully exhibited the glorious uncertainty of the game. Who would have thought that the strong team which had conquered the Indianapolis and Syracuse nine, and won every game they had played up to May 19, would, by the end of the month, be occupied the fifth position in the pennant race? But so it is, the result being due in part to unforeseen circumstances; but we scarcely think that the same good judgment that led the Chicago club through the campaign of 1876 so successfully is being exhibited in the running of the nine this season. Barnie's withdrawal from that nine from illness was a drawback which could not be avoided. Its effect has been the destruction of that unity of the team which is so essential to great success. We also think that changing the ball is a great mistake on the part of the present position of the Chicago nine in the race; and to the lack of a proper ball to play with may probably be attributed the recent falling-off in the play of the St. Louis nine, for neither Louisville nor Chicago when all are playing in their best form.

In our comments on the play of the nine during the progress of the campaign, it is perhaps unnecessary to state that we know no one team from another, as regards any partiality. We want to see the best trained and most reliable nine win the pennant, and none other, as it is for the best interests of professional play that such should be the case. But some of our readers do not regard our remarks in the light. We have before us a letter from a St. Louis source wants to know why we favor Chicago so much. Another epistle from the Lake City expresses the opinion that we praise Nicholls at the cost of justice to Bradley, while a communication hails from Hub is filled with inquiries "wanting to know, you know," why we have "gone back on Boston," and why we favor the Brooklyn Club. In reality, we favor no club, but expect the Brooklyn Club, in these very complaints lies the proof of our thorough impartiality. The record of the games won and lost in the League-pennant series of contests up to June 3, inclusive, is as follows:

Clubs.	Boston	Chicago	Cincinnati	Louisville	St. Louis	Games Lost	Won.
Boston		2	1	2	0	7	7
Chicago	0		1	2	0	3	3
Cincinnati	1	1		2	1	4	6
Louisville	0	0	2		1	1	6
St. Louis	2	2	1	1		6	4
Games Lost	3	5	4	5	4	21	

This leaves the clubs occupying the following relative positions:

Clubs.	Won.	Lost.	Clubs.	Won.	Lost.
Boston	7	2	Chicago	3	7
Cincinnati	6	4	Louisville	6	1
			Hartford	4	4
			Total	31	31

INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP.

The record of the series of games up to June 3, inclusive, is as follows:

Clubs.	Allegheny	Buckeye	Live Oak	Manchester	Maple Leaf	Rochester	Tecumseh	Games Won.	Won.
Allegheny		2	0	1	1	1	5	5	3
Buckeye	0		1	0	1	0	2	2	1
Live Oak	1	1		0	1	0	3	3	2
Manchester	0	2	2		0	0	2	4	2
Maple Leaf	0	1	1	1		0	1	3	1
Rochester	1	1	1	0	2		0	5	3
Tecumseh	1	2	0	2	1	0		6	3
Games Lost	2	3	6	2	4	3	3	21	

PROSPECT PARK CHAMPIONSHIP.

The contests this season among the amateur clubs which habitually play at Prospect Park for the championship of the Park—a handsome pennant being the trophy—are proving to be very interesting games, and vie with the practice in drawing large numbers of spectators to the Park ball fields. The clubs entering the lists are the Nameless, Osceola, Winona, Putnam, Hudson, Brooklyn and Witoka. The championship games are played every Saturday afternoon, and on June 2 four clubs contested together, the Nameless and Osceola Clubs playing on Field No. 1, and the Hudson and Putnams on Field No. 3. The first game proved the most attractive, fully the two thousand people encircling the field as interested spectators. The recent loss of Valentine, Grierson and Coleman to the Nameless nine—their pitcher, catcher and first-baseman, who went West on a professional picnic early in May—of course weakened their team considerably, and it was generally expected that the Osceolas would part away with them in this game; but the Nameless Club have replaced their lost men with Westervelt, Slade and Crosby, and, with Clark and Beemer as new men in the nine, they presented a team which played a good game, and to the surprise of the Osceolas the latter were hansomely taken into camp by the score of 10 to 7 after quite an exciting and closely contested game.

NAMELESS.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Slade, c.	5	2	2	6	0
Breen, 3d b.	5	1	0	0	2
Westervelt, p.	3	3	1	5	2
Lee, l. f.	4	1	3	3	0
Bigelow, s. s.	5	1	1	0	1
Nelson, r. f.	5	2	0	0	0
Beemer, r. f.	5	1	2	0	1
Crosby, 1st b.	3	0	1	13	0
Clark, 2d b.	4	0	0	3	1
Totals	42	10	13	27	10

OSCEOLA.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Spencer, l. f.	5	2	2	2	2
Bell, 2d b.	5	2	1	1	0
Starr, p.	5	2	0	7	1
Hall, c.	4	1	7	1	1
Dolan, 1st b.	4	0	11	0	1
Curry, 3d b.	4	0	1	2	1
Fogarty, s. s.	4	0	0	2	1
Mack, r. f.	4	0	1	0	0
Bradley, c. f.	4	0	1	0	0
Totals	39	7	27	15	7

Innings:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Runs:
Nameless	1	1	2	0	0	0	1	3	2	10
Osceola	0	0	1	0	2	3	0	1	0	7

First base by errors—Nameless, 6; Osceola, 4. Runs earned—Nameless, 1; Osceola, 1. Umpire, Mr. Bunce of the Nameless Club. Time, 2h. 10m.

The match between the Hudsons and Putnams resulted in favor of the Hudsons by a score of 9 to 7. The full score did not reach us in time for this week's issue.

ERIE vs. MEMPHIS REDS.

Games were played at Erie, Pa., May 29, 30—one on the former and two on the latter day—between the Erie Club and the Memphis Reds. By the score published below it will be seen that the play on every occasion was good, and that the home team were successful in the first and second games, the Reds taking the final and best of the three.

ERIE.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Smiley, s. s.	1	1	0	3	0
Talley, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Leary, p.	0	1	0	11	1
Heifer, 1st b.	1	1	16	0	0
Curry, 2d b.	0	0	1	4	0
Kessler, c. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Phillips, 3d b.	0	0	2	2	0
Dillon, l. f.	0	0	0	2	0
Thompson, c.	0	0	7	2	2
Totals	2	3	27	24	3

MEMPHIS.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Walker, 1st b.	0	2	17	0	0
Brookshaw, 3b	0	1	2	5	0
Redmond, s. s.	0	1	1	5	1
Shoup, 2d b.	1	1	5	4	0
Maloney, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Loftus, c.	0	0	1	0	0
Burkalow, p.	0	0	1	2	1
Kennedy, c.	0	0	5	2	0
Moore, l. f.	1	1	1	0	0
Totals	2	6	33	18	2

Innings:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Runs:
Erie	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	2
Memphis	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	1

Two base hit—Walker. Strikes called—off Leary, 49; Burkalow, 23. Balls called—on Leary, 14; Burkalow, 6. Struck out—Leary, Curry (2), Phillips, Burkalow (2), Brookshaw, Loftus (2), Kennedy, Shoup, Moore. Double plays—Shaw, Loftus and Heifer. Umpire—Ed. L. Cushman. Time, 1h. 45m.

LIVE OAK vs. STAR.

A game was played at Lynn, Mass., June 1, between the Stars of Syracuse and the Live Oaks, the latter winning.

LIVE OAK.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hawkes, 2d b.	1	2	1	1	0
Fogarty, p.	1	1	5	1	0
Cummings, p.	2	1	0	0	0
Adams, l. f.	0	1	3	0	0
Allen, s. s.	0	0	0	0	0
Reilly, c.	0	0	6	0	2
Gaffney, 3d b.	0	0	0	2	2
Totals	4	6	27	5	4

STAR.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Mackinnon, 1 b.	0	1	15	0	0
Geer, s. s.	0	1	2	3	1
Higham, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Hotaling, c. f.	0	1	1	1	0
Mansell, l. f.	0	0	0	0	1
Farrell, 2d b.	0	1	1	0	0
McCormack, p.	0	0	0	5	0
Carpenter, 3d b	0	0	0	1	0
Totals	1	3	27	10	2

Innings:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Runs:
Live Oak	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	x	4
Star	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1

Run earned—Live Oak, 1; Star, 0. Two-base hit—Farrell. Strikes called—off Fogarty, 3; Mason, 1; Cummings, 1. First base on errors—Live Oak, 3; Star, 1. Double-play—Carpenter. Passed balls—Reilly, 1; McCormack, 2. Umpire, J. G Sumner of Boston. Time, 1h. 20m.

ALLEGHENY vs. MEMPHIS.

The nine from Memphis, Tenn., were easily beaten by the Allegheny Club, on the latter's grounds, June 1.

ALLEGHENY.	R.	1B.	K.
Nelson, s. s.	2	3	0
Williamson, 3d b.	1	1	1
Dolan, r. f.	1	0	6
Goodman, 1st b.	2	1	2
McKelvy, p.	1	1	0
Creamer, l. f.	1	1	1
Galvin, c.	1	2	0
Holbert, c. f.	0	1	1
Nicholls, 2d b.	2	1	1
Totals	11	11	12

MEMPHIS.	R.	1B.	K.
Walker, 1st b.	2	3	1
Brookshaw, 2d b.	1	1	3
Redmond, s. s.	0	0	4
Shoup, 3d b.	1	1	1
Maloney, r. f.	0	0	0
Loftus, c.	0	0	1
Burkalow, p.	0	0	2
Kennedy, c.	0	1	1
Moore, l. f.	0	0	1
Totals	4	6	14

Innings:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Runs:
Allegheny	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	2
Memphis	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	2

Passed balls—Thompson, 3. Two-base hit—Curry. Balls called—on Leary, 27; Burkalow, 31. Bases on called balls—Brookshaw (2), Walker. Struck out—Talley, Curry, Dillon (2), Smiley, Ressler, Walker, Shoup, Moore. Umpire, Ed. Gensheimer. Time, 1h. 58m.

ERIE.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Smiley, s. s.	0	1	1	3	0
Talley, r. f.	0	2	3	0	0
Leary, p.	0	1	0	11	1
Heifer, 1st b.	0	1	16	0	0
Curry, 2d b.	0	0	1	4	0
Ressler, c. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Phillips, 3d b.	0	0	2	2	0
Dillon, l. f.	0	0	0	2	0
Thompson, c.	0	0	7	2	2
Totals	0	5	33	24	4

MEMPHIS.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Walker, 1st b.	0	2	17	0	0
Brookshaw, 3b	0	1	2	5	0
Redmond, s. s.	0	1	1	5	1
Shoup, 2d b.	1	1	5	4	0
Maloney, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Loftus, c.	0	0	1	0	0
Burkalow, p.	0	0	1	2	1
Kennedy, c.	0	0	5	2	0
Moore, l. f.	1	1	1	0	0
Totals	2	6	33	18	2

Innings:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Runs:
Erie	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0
Memphis	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0—1

Two base hit—Walker. Strikes called—off Quinn, 26; Burkalow, 27. Struck out—Heifer, Curry, Quinn, Talley, Maloney. Balls called—on Quinn, 1; Burkalow, 2. First base on called balls—Reds, 1. Umpire, Ed. Gensheimer. Time, 1h. 40m.

ERIE.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Smiley, s. s.	1	1	0	3	0
Talley, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Leary, p.	0	1	0	11	1
Heifer, 1st b.	1	1	16	0	0
Curry, 2d b.	0	0	1	4	0
Kessler, c. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Phillips, 3d b.	0	0	2	2	0
Dillon, l. f.	0	0	0	2	0
Thompson, c.	0	0	7	2	2
Totals	2	3	27	24	3

MEMPHIS.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Walker, 1st b.	0	2	17	0	0
Brookshaw, 3b	0	1	2	5	0
Redmond, s. s.	0	1	1	5	1
Shoup, 2d b.	1	1	5	4	0
Maloney, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Loftus, c.	0	0	1	0	0
Burkalow, p.	0	0	1	2	1
Kennedy, c.	0	0	5	2	0
Moore, l. f.	1	1	1	0	0
Totals	2	6	33	18	2

Innings:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Runs:
Erie	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	2
Memphis	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	2

Two base hit—Walker. Strikes called—off Leary, 49; Burkalow, 23. Balls called—on Leary, 14; Burkalow, 6. Struck out—Leary, Curry (2), Phillips, Burkalow (2), Brookshaw, Loftus (2), Kennedy, Shoup, Moore. Double plays—Shaw, Loftus and Heifer. Umpire—Ed. L. Cushman. Time, 1h. 45m.

LIVE OAK vs. STAR.

A game was played at Lynn, Mass., June 1, between the Stars of Syracuse and the Live Oaks, the latter winning.

LIVE OAK.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hawkes, 2d b.	1	2	1	1	0
Fogarty, p.	1	1	5	1	0
Cummings, p.	2	1	0	0	0
Adams, l. f.	0	1	3	0	0
Allen, s. s.	0	0	0	0	0
Reilly, c.	0	0	6	0	2
Gaffney, 3d b.	0	0	0	2	2
Totals	4	6	27	5	4

STAR.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Mackinnon, 1 b.	0	1	15	0	0
Geer, s. s.	0	1	2	3	1
Higham, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Hotaling, c. f.	0	1	1	1	0
Mansell, l. f.	0	0	0	0	1
Farrell, 2d b.	0	1	1	0	0
McCormack, p.	0	0	0	5	0
Carpenter, 3d b	0	0	0	1	0
Totals	1	3	27	10	2

Innings:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Runs:
Live Oak	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	x	4
Star	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1

Run earned—Live Oak, 1; Star, 0. Two-base hit—Farrell. Strikes called—off Fogarty, 3; Mason, 1; Cummings, 1. First base on errors—Live Oak, 3; Star, 1. Double-play—Carpenter. Passed balls—Reilly, 1; McCormack, 2. Umpire, J. G Sumner of Boston. Time, 1h. 20m.

SOLDIER vs. CITIZEN.

The championship of Wyoming Territory was contended for at Laramie May 26 by the Baker Club, composed of soldiers belonging to the Second Cavalry, and the Rolling Mill Club. Score:

BAKER.	R.
Bryants, p.	1
Doherty, c.	0
Wilson, l. f.	0
Gannon, c. f.	0
Wall, 1st b.	0
Mitchell, r. f.	0
O'Donnell, s. s.	0
Dickenson, c. f.	0
Youngs 2d b.	1
Total	7

MILL.	R.
T. Duncan, c.	1
Snyder, l. f.	0
O'Brien, s. s.	0
Costello, c. f.	0
J. Duncan, 1st b.	0
Gould, r. f.	0
Thorpe, p.	0
Howe, 2d b.	0
Jones, 3d b.	0
Total	1

Umpire, R. Noonan of the Dewees Club.

BOSTON vs. STAR.

On Monday, May 28, the Boston Reds gained a second triumph over the Stars of Syracuse, N. Y., the play on neither side equaling that shown in the 2-to-0 game on the 26th, though still reflecting much credit upon both nines:

BOSTON.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Wright, 2d b.	1	0	3	1	0
Leonard, s. s.	0	0	1	3	0
White, 1st b.	1	0	9	0	1
O'Rourke, l. f.	1	1	2	0	0
Sutton, 3d b.	0	0	2	3	0
Brown, c.	0	1	5	2	1
Morrill, r. f.	0	1	0	0	1
Murnan, c. f.	0	1	1	0	0
W. White, p.	0	0	0	2	0
Totals	3	4	23	11	3

STAR.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Kinnon, lb	1	0	1	9	0
Hunter, s. s.	0	0	1	5	4
Higham, c. f.	1	0	3	1	3
Hotaling, c. f.	0	1	1	3	1
Hall, r. f.	0	0	0	0	1
Mansell, l. f.	0	0	2	0	0
Farrell, 2d b.	0	1	1	2	4
M'Cormick, p.	0	0	0	1	0
Carpenter, 3b	0	0	3	1	2
Totals	2	2	12	21	15

Innings:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Runs:
Boston	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	2	3
Star	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	2

Runs earned—Boston, 1; Star, 1. Two-base hit—Hotaling, 1. Struck out—Bond, McCormick. Passed balls—Higham, 2. Balls called—on Bond, 14; McCormick, 8. Strikes called—off Bond, 11; McCormick, 8. Umpire, J. Time, 2h.

On the 31st they came together for the fourth time, about 400 persons attending, and being considerably astonished by the poor display made by both teams.

BOSTON.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Wright, 2d b.	5	2	3	2	1
Leonard, s. s.	5	0	0	0	2
White, 1st b.	4	2	9	0	0
O'Rourke, l. f.	5	1	2	0	0
Sutton, 3d b.	4	2	3	2	0
Brown, c.	4	0	7	1	0
Morrill, l. f.	5	1	3	1	0
Murnan, c. f.	4	1	1	0	0
W. White, p.	4	0	0	2	0
Totals	42	8	14	27	15

STAR.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Kinnon, 1b	4	0	12	1	0
Hunter, s. s.	4	0	1	3	4
Higham, c. f.	4	0	2	1	0
Hotaling, c.	4	1	1	3	1
Hall, r. f.	4	0	0	0	0
Mansell, l. f.	4	0	2	0	0
Farrell, 2d b.	4	1	1	2	4
M'Cormick, p.	3	0	1	3	1
Carpenter, 3b	4	0	3	1	2
Totals	38	2	27	16	12

Innings:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Runs:
Boston	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	2
Star	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2

Runs earned—Boston, 2; Star, 1. First base on errors—Boston, 3; Star, 2. Double-plays—W. White and Morrill. Passed balls—Brown, 2; Hotaling, 1. Struck out—Wright, Leonard, Sutton, Brown, Morrill, Murnan, Hall, 4. Balls called—on Bond, 22; Hall, 4. Balls called—on W. White, 13; McCormick, 16. Strikes called—off W. White, 13; McCormick, 16. Umpire, J. G. Sumner of Boston. Time, 2h. 15m.

ST. LOUIS vs. LOUISVILLE.

Securing four runs off a passed ball by Crowley and errors by four of the St. Louis Browns and achieving a victory over the Louisville Club on the grounds of the latter, May 29.

LOUISVILLE.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hall, l. f.	5	0	1	0	0	0
Clapp, c.	6	1	1	10	0	1
Hague, 3d b.	6	0	0	2	0	0
Devlin, p.	4	1	1	0	4	2
Shaffer, r. f.	4	1	2	2	0	0
Gerhardt, 2b	4	1	2	2	6	2
Craver, s. s.	4	0	1	1	1	1
Snyder, c.	4	0	1	7	1	0
Crowley, c. f.	4	0	1	1	0	1
Totals	39	4	11	27	16	8

ST. LOUIS.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Barnum, l. f.	6	0	0	1	0	0
Clapp, c.	6	1	1	4	0	2
McGeary, 2b	4	0	0	2	1	0
Battin, 3d b.	5	0	0	2	1	0
Pike, 1st b.	5	0	2	1	0	0
Remsen, c. f.	5	2	1	2	0	0
Croft, 1st b.	4	0	0	6	0	0
Fisler, r. f.	4	1	1	1	0	0
Fulmer, s. s.	4	0	0	2	0	0
Ryan, l. f.	4	0	0	3	0	0
Weaver, p.	4	0	0	0	3	0
McGlynn, c.	4	0	1	2	1	1
Totals	51	4	6	27	6	3

Innings:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Runs:
Louisville	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	4
St. Louis	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

First base by errors—Louisville, 5; St. Louis, 4. Runs earned—Louisville, 1; St. Louis, 1. Balls called—on Devlin, 16; Nichols, 26; Blong, 24. Bases on called balls—Hague and Snyder, 2; Dorgan, 2. Three-base hits—Hall, Craver and Clapp. Left on bases—Louisville, 12; St. Louis, 6. Passed balls—Clapp, 2. Empire, Dan Devinney. Time, 2h.

ATHELETIC vs. HARTFORD.

The Hartfords played the last game of a lengthy trip May 29 in Philadelphia, their opponents being the Athletics, whom they had twice before beaten. The present contest was again one-sided, the Hartfords winning easily, punishing Weaver for twelve clean hits in the six innings he pitched. Ryan then relieved him, and but one clean hit and no runs were made off his delivery in the three innings. The features did all of their batting in a couple of innings, three-basers by Eggler and Shetzline and five single-basers then earning three out of the four runs credited to them. The Hartfords earned two runs in the fifth inning by Carey's three-bagger and safe singles by Burdock and Ferguson, obtained two more by a difficult miss of Ryan's in the fourth inning, and three more by a miss on strikes by McGlynn in the sixth inning, these two errors proving very costly. The batting and fielding of the two nines were excellent, the extraordinary play at short-stop being the most noticeable feature.

ATHLETIC.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Eggler, c. f.	4	2	1	1	0	0
Shetzline, 2b	4	1	2	1	3	0
Reach, r. f.	4	0	1	0	0	1
Coons, 3d b.	4	0	1	2	1	0
Fisler, 1st b.	4	0	1	12	1	0
Fulmer, s. s.	4	0	0	1	9	0
Ryan, l. f.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Weaver, p.	4	1	1	1	0	1
McGlynn, c.	4	0	1	6	3	2
Totals	36	4	8	27	14	6

HARTFORD.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hild's'n, c. f.	5	2	2	1	0	0
Start, 1st b.	5	1	2	15	0	1
Burdock, 2b.	5	1	4	3	3	0
Carey, s. s.	5	1	2	0	4	0
Ferguson, 3d b.	5	1	1	2	2	0
Bond, p.	5	0	0	0	5	0
Start, r. f.	5	0	1	0	0	0
Smith, c.	5	0	1	2	0	0
Kelly, l. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	44	6	13	24	14	1

| Innings

HE DIDN'T KNOW THE CAME.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY EDWARD E. KIDDER.

His hat was the style of '59.
His nose was warped and thin,
But his strongest hold was his sad, sad smile,
That whispered of grief within.

He cast its glow o'er the darky's form
Who ushered him through the door
To the room where the scratch of the "tiger's" claws
Has wounded full many a score.

The "dealer" winked as he saw his form,
The "cappers" smiled with glee,
And the crowd of "sports" had merry thoughts
Of the fate of such as he.

He sighed as he said "Good evening, all,"
And he bought his humble "stack;"
Then, wiping his nose with a weary air,
He "coppered" upon the "jack."

He said that war was a dreadful thing,
A crime and an awful sin,
Then grabbed his profits from off the jack,
And played them "the ace to win."

He won on the ace, the queen, the "tray"
He "was luck from head to heels"—
And he "called the turn" in a dreadful way
For seven successive deals.

They "changed the dealer," they "changed the pack,"
And figured to change the style;
Then the sad-eyed stranger grasped his "chips,"
And "thought he would rest a while."

He was, he said, but a sickly man,
Unused to the city's din;
And then he counted his pile of "chips,"
And wanted to "cash them in."

He'd rather prefer large bills, he said—
They wouldn't make such a wad—
"Five stacks of scarlet and six of white,"
A hundred and fifty odd.

But then the dealer arose, with oaths
That forth like a fountain burst,
And said to the man of inward woe
That he'd see him further first—

But when they saw that the man of grief
A pistol began to pull,
They thought of the beauties of blessed peace,
And settled his claim in full.

And now, when the darky through the door
Peers forth with a look of doubt,
If his glance encounters the sad, sad smile,
He carefully "bars it out."

"GOLD PIN,"
Or Old Times in Georgia.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Racing of late years in Augusta, Georgia, has degenerated; but in days gone by, when Hen Glover was the Augusta pet, and Augusta course, the sport was popular among the people, and racing was legitimate. The old track was about two miles and a half from the city, and the drive to it was not overpleasant, as the road was rough, and the scenery not worth a "continental," for in January the cotton was all picked, and the eye fell on a deserted waste of broad acres, with nothing to charm the sense of beauty: but when the place of sport was reached it was quite different, for the old majestic trees in the neighborhood of the stables lent a charm to the surroundings, and dispelled from the mind the dreary scenes of the road.

Mark Lewis was a medical student in the Augusta College; and as his father was a solid planter in the western part of the State, and Mark an only son, the latter was always supplied with plenty of what is needed "here below," which he generally managed to allow other people to receive the benefit of, without even giving them notice. The races had been going on for two days, and, on account of the disfiguration of Mark's pockets, he, as he said, "missed several chances of doubling his money, for he had the winning horse every time;" and it was in this state of mind that he wrote to his indulgent parent for the necessary metal, which was a drug in the market to most everybody but him. So he thought, but he had the satisfaction of knowing that his "Governor" heeded his demands, for on the eve of the big race Mark received a draft on his father's banker, which was large enough to supply the aching void about his heart; for be it known that Mark, when flush, carried his funds in an inside vest-pocket on the left-hand side, where he knew by the telegraphic beatings of what's good or bad in every man whether his money was secure or not, and the palpitation in that region of his anatomy was always a sure tell-tale of the emptiness of the aforesaid pocket.

Now, the race which was to come off the next day was in the regular order of the racing, and was not really considered in the matter of money run for or in the time that was made, which was almost as bad as bad time could be; but it was great because State pride was enlisted, one mare representing her native State, Tennessee, and the other Old Virginia. The excitement of the Georgians was great on the fact that their State was looked upon as neutral ground, and fair play would be shown both contestants by the natives to the manner born, they being supposed to be like the ground on which they trod—neutral; but such was not the case, as human nature is the same the world over, and the Georgians took sides among themselves with the utmost enthusiasm when either the Virginians or the Tennesseeans. The Dominion was represented by Calvin Green's (T. W. Doswell) bay filly Gold Pin, by Boston out of imported Gold Wire, four years old; and the State of "by the Eternal" had for its champion T. Beals' (Orrin Fowler) bay mare Elizabeth McNairy, by Ambassador out of Princess Ann, five years old. The difference in age made the elder a decided favorite, for the distance was three miles and repeat; but there were many present, among them Mr. Mark Lewis, who had great faith in any near relative of the celebrated Boston. On the night of January 17, 1853, the Globe Hotel—which was the headquarters of those who believed in genuine horseracing—was a scene of excitement such as is seldom seen nowadays without the aid of the pool-box. But, without any such aid to smooth the way, the betting was on that night in 1853 running very high, for the backers of both stables backed their champions for all they were worth, and the Georgians, although divided in their opinion, were not the lowest on the betting-list. It was lucky that the times were honest, for poor Mr. Morris, a native of the "Hub" and proprietor of the Globe, had his little one-horse safe chock full of money on which the last names of the bettors written on the band; but the security was not in the strength of the safe—it was in the honesty of the people who were ruled over by President Franklin Pierce. Those were the times when safety, honesty and high-toned sports went hand-in-hand, and people did not look on one another with an evil eye, and there were no rumors, not even a whisper, of "jobs," among any class of men who follow sporting for the enjoyment, or even for the wealth, it contains.

Mr. Mark Lewis was in the height of his ambition on this night, for it was his great delight to wager on anything and everything, no matter whether drawing the longest straw out of a bundle; and, having bet over half of the money sent him by his affectionate pa, he was in great good humor; for, as he picked out the winners every day so far *for fun*, it was almost a certainty for Gold Pin on the morrow because he backed her, and he surprised some old heads in talking horse by the vast information his head contained on that subject, for he even could go back to the days of Sir Henry and Black Maria; but the truth must be told here, and that is that of Mark's knowledge came from early education, Mr. Mark Lewis Sr. being the tutor, and Mark Lewis Jr. an apt pupil. There were many places more fascinating than a bed on that night, for he could not sleep on account of having to win so much money next day; so the Dutchman who spelled "Sneider" with a y had Mark for a steady customer the balance of the night in his billiard-room, directly opposite the Globe Hotel. Pinpool was the magnet that held Mark fast in the two-story brick, and when the gong sounded for breakfast next morning he had added to his exchequer one hundred and fifty dollars. It must be said of him that, if there was any one fault of his in which he excelled, it was pinpool; and the whole college would back that opinion, for to their sorrow many a student paid enough to find out Mark's weakness. Thursday, Jan. 13, 1853, was ushered in by a warm old Southern sun, and those who kept their weather-eye open proclaimed no rain on that day; and this was what was wanted by the Virginians, for Gold Pin was light of build, and, as the story went, light of foot, while her competitor was strong and muscular, but of her fleetness no opinion was expressed. When the brass band started from the front of the Globe Hotel in a four-horse wagon, it was the signal for everybody to journey towards the track; and nobody seemed particular how they went, so as they made the trip in safety and on time—in light Northern-built buggies, family carriages, carts, express-wagons, and a kind of conveyance the name of which no man ever found out, but it was supposed to be doing duty since the days of Ogilthorpe, was carried along by four Kentucky mules in the reckless, daredevil way for which mules are noted; and in this excuse as a means of locomotion were seated Mark Lewis, Ike Everett and ten more, exclusive of the driver, old Uncle Bile, an old gentleman of color, who had been driving on that road for forty years or more, and knew every hole and rut in two and a half miles so well that he never missed one, but with a certainty that was remarkable would go kerchunk into them, which would cause an unloading of the human freight to lift the "what is it" out of the hole.

All things must have an ending, and Mark and his party finally reached the course in safety, but terribly shook up, which did not annoy them in the least, for they rather liked it; but what grieved them most was that they arrived there last, and could not get any more bets against Gold Pin, for somebody had already given the tip that one of her owners was seen betting $1,500 to $1,000 that she would win. The Tennesseean being the favorite the night before at three to two, this change in the betting was a puzzle nobody cared to solve by risking; so there was an end to wagers, for a while at least. Ike and Mark took a stroll into the booth, and there beheld, among numerous games, one which attracted their attention from the many peculiarities about it, which consisted of a bowl with a spout, and an ivory ball about the size of a baseball, and on this ball were a number of black, red and blue spots; but it was noticed by Ike that a great many of these spots had cross-marks on them. The owner of this queer contrivance to make an honest living out of was a patriarch in appearance. With no "silver threads among the gold," he was all silver around the face, and his "bank," which was in full view, was silver also. This innocent-looking old man was no other than Jake Fresh of Baltimore, but for ways that were dark he had no equal. Now, Ike and Mark were twins in companionship, and whatever one did the other followed suit. So as to relieve the latter, whose fingers were almost burning from playing with the specie in his pocket, Ike proposed to play a little, as the game looked simple enough, and he thought the chances were about equal. This proposition was the only thing needed to make the game lively, for Mark lobbed down five half-dollars on the red, and Ike followed suit on the black; then "All ready, gentlemen!" came from that fresh old throat, and away the ball went spinning up the spout, and, like him who marched up the hill and then marched down again, the ball came down, and after wriggling about in the bowl for a while it finally settled, and Jake Fresh sung out: "Bar blue—blue stands off!" This was like oysters before dinner—an appetizer—for the boys had got a losing taste of the spout, and, wanting more, went in to burst that bank; but it seemed funny to them, for whenever they were on two colors it was sure to come the other; and whenever they tried to make a sure thing by betting on all three it was sure to come "bar" something. Still, the two youngsters took it all in good nature, for Jake Fresh was full of anecdotes, which he related as the ball flew up the spout, and the twins would laugh at the old man's wit until their sides ached.

They were now about $125 losers, when somebody sang out "They are on the track!" and then there was a grand rush to see the race, which Gold Pin was sure to win, according to Mark. They did not have much time to spare to see it, for as soon as they reached the fence the horses started. And such a start!

"In the purtiest and evenest I ever seen," says Jake, who kept close to the boys, afraid "they might go astray, you know." Well, on the horses went to battle for their respective States, for the eyes of Virginia and Tennessee were on them, and Georgia acted as a bad referee by taking the chances to win a ducat on the result. But the fillies did not seem to have any fear of their backers, for they plodded along like a couple of stray mules, Gold Pin in the lead, until the last quarter in the second mile was reached, when the fair Elizabeth lengthened her strides, and passed the bright-looking daughter of the Old Dominion.

"Mark, I am afraid you are gone," says Ike.

"Oh, no fear of it, Ike. 'Virginia never tires,' and you'll see Gold Pin's nose under the string first when the first trip is ended."

So saying, Mark let his lungs loose and shouted: "Ninety against a hundred on the hindmost horse!"

It was a lively race among some of the listeners as to which of them would reach Mark first and gobble up that hundred; but, as there were some words passed between two of the gluttons, Mark accommodated both for the sake of peace and in view of his own certainty. McNairy and Gold Pin hobnobbed under the string and into the third mile like a couple of old hens on a trot for a worm, the former in the lead; but upon rounding the turn into the backstretch, Gold Pin made a pretense of a brush, but did not reach, and down the last quarter they came under whip and spur, never changing an inch in positions, and Elizabeth McNairy passed under the wire, winning the first heat in the laughably slow time of 5:50. Mark's first words were:

"Let's wet up! Come, Old Bar Black, and join us."

On their way to the thirsting-place Ike tried to persuade Mark to hedge; but he would not listen to it, although their other companion, Old "Bar" Fresh, said:

"My young friends, I have seen all the races that have taken place in the last thirty years, and I ought to know a little about such things, and my advice is to hedge like h—l."

After partaking, Mark and Ike had a quiet conversation, Fresh having gone to see if there were any hedgers around the spout. But Mark would not heed any entreaties, saying that Gold Pin came from good old stock on her sire's side, and she would win yet.

"Why, Ike, everything is a winner in Old Virginia; for last Summer I was visiting the Sweet Springs in company with my father, and there I was introduced to a Virginia belle, a Virginia angel; and, so help me, Ike, she won me clean out of my boots. But I have until next August to attend to that case; so there is no use in bothering about it, for, if the mare don't win, I'll win the girl, and there's an end to it. Come in, and let us break this dam'd old spout."

In they went; and Mr. Fresh received them with all the politeness for which he was noted, and for their benefit commenced a story about an old horse he once knew whose name was Jenny. But Mark cut him short by saying:

"We'll take another hack at this thing, if you'll let us be at the 'bars,' for my friend has a leaning that way."

"Oh, that's impossible, my young friends; for the only percentage the game has is in the bars, and very little at that. If it was regular, and nobody playing but yourselves, I wouldn't mind it; but you can see that I am a little crowded, and as it is not regular, I would get mixed for certain; and there is too much on the old man's mind to even think of such a thing now. To-night, in 'Gusta, however, I may accommodate you. What'll you have? Come here, you black son-of-a-gun, and wait on these gentlemen."

Old Jake was too good-natured to leave abruptly, so, after telling Matt what they sighed for with ice, they buckled the spout once more. The same bad luck followed them, and, when the word went forth that the horses were about to start on their second trip, Mark discovered that two and threepence was his stock in wealth, and Ike had a five-dollar note left.

The second heat was almost a repetition of the first—only a little slower. Calvin Green gave the jockey orders to push Gold Pin, and push her hard; but it was no use, for she took both generously, like one of the dray mules that haul cotton the livelong day, and receive an extra feed of the negro's leather without a murmur. When the darky gets tired whipping, the mule turns round, looks him humpty-dumpty in the face, and laugh at the played-out negro. This was almost a similar case; for Gold Pin, although looked upon as a good one, did not seem to care for anything on this never-to-be-forgotten day to some. McNairy was very nearly as bad, but, through good luck more than anything else, won the second heat, she taking in the remarkably slow time of 5:55, and made Virginia lower her colors to Tennessee. Gold Pin proved an unworthy daughter of a worthy sire; but, as Mark said: "It was not Boston blood that lost the race—it was the thin blood of Gold Wire, that was stretched too fine."

Mark was now down to his last dollars two and fourpence in their conjoint pockets, they started for town, and when Uncle Bill hollered "Here's the barouche, Massas Mark and Ike, dat fotched you out," Mark replied:

"Uncle Bill, a gentleman never rides on an occasion like this, especially as the walking is good, and he can bet, old boy, that we will skip every bloody hole between here and Augusta."

When the two gentlemen were out of hearing, Uncle Bill remarked:

"Dat Massa Fresh must have him putting an extra bar on dose two young gemmen."

The two young gentlemen walked along, and Ike says:

"What's to be done now?"

"Give me that note, Ike; and if I lose it I will pay you in a few days, for I am bound to get even if I have to send again to my 'Governor.'"

Sneaking along slowly, Mark let the secret of his heart to his companion, viz., that the darling of his bosom and himself were to be married in Virginia the following August, adding:

"What do I care for the miserable amount that slipped me with wings to-day, when I have such a better prize in view? But something tells me that we will get even before the day is over yet."

"There's no telling, Mark; for a shoestring has been known to run into a tan-yard."

"That's just what I am thinking about, Ike. But after all my talk about horse last night in the Globe Hotel, and my protestations of certainty in Dough Pin, or Gold Pin, winning, I feel almost ashamed to show my face among those old-timers, for I verily believe they will laugh at me. But if by some hocus-pocus or good fortune we can get back even a part of our losses, why, then, I don't care; neither do I care for money, as you know, for anything, no matter how much it feels stronger when his vest-pockets are lined with a little of that evil."

The walk to town did them good, and after paying their respects to Snyder and hiding a good dinner—the price of which was above par—the two companions in ill-luck entered Wiley Baron's, and Mark instantly handed in his last—the five-dollar note. Before the deal was out a seat was tendered Mark, because he had struck a four-time winning deal, and his checks were growing in size and bulk; but he needed assistance, and, making room for his companion, gave him a couple of stacks, with the injunction not to bet against him, but for both to go together, so as to make the limit double. As this request was complied with, and fortune did not desert them, in a very short time they left the club eleven hundred dollars winner.

The first thing Mark did was to repair to Snyder's; there he paid what he owed, and, calling for pen, ink and paper, wrote an affectionate letter to his "Governor," telling how the Boston stock was degenerating, and how he hedged on McNairy after the first heat, winning sufficient to take him and Ike to Charleston the next week, whence he would communicate his ideas in regard to the blooded stock in the Palmetto State. Showing the letter to Ike, Mark says:

"How is that for a dutiful son?"

Ike laughed outright, and remarked:

"I can see no objection to your letter, but would suggest that you add a postcript, saying: 'If the 'spout' is 'barred' in Charleston, I shall not have to call upon you.'"

"It is too feminine to add postcripts, Ike; and, again, the 'Governor' might call for a definition of the words 'spout' and 'bar.' So I'll dispense with your idea, and let her go as she is. Give us a bottle, Snyder, and we will drown the recollection of Gold Pin while we drink the health of one in far-off Virginia, who is truer than Gold Pins or any other kind of pins."

"That sounds 'fresh.' Suppose you are 'barred'?"

"The only bar to that may be the 'Governor;' but, as I am a chip of the old block, I think as he does, and am dead certain that in this race I'll win, even if I did make a mistake in betting on Gold Pin. Mum's the word, Ike; and, if I don't get even in Charleston on horses, then take my head for a football."

SPERRY.

THE AGES of some of the leading men in Europe are as follow: Prince Gortchakoff, 79; Lord Beaconsfield, 72; Mr. Gladstone, 68; Prince Bismarck, 63; Lord Granville, 61; Marshal McMahon, 62; M. Thiers, 80; Emperor William, 80; Victor Hugo, 75; Thos. Carlyle, 81; Alfred Tennyson, 67; Bishop Dupanloup, 75; Pius IX, 84; Garibaldi, 70; Earl Russell, 84; Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, 89; and Jules Simon, 62.

THE rats have made a conquest of Pitcairn's Island, in the Pacific. Some of them are as large as rabbits; all of them are hungry, and they have swept across the island, devouring the grain in the barns and the floor in the storerooms, and attacking the natives with a ferocity that is uncommon.

"LILY MELVILLE."—"If you are Melchior Clifford—and no ghost—give me back my boy—my child—my child!"

LILY MELVILLE,
OR THE HAND OF FATE.

A Thrilling Story of Intrigue, Deceit, and Love.

CHAPTER XLIX.

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale.
Men's vows are women's traitors. SHAKESPEARE.

Dusk was closing in upon Rivershall, and the little sanded parlor of the "Rivershall Arms" was nearly in darkness—in silence, too, for the few laborers taking their evening draught of home-brewed at the small bar spoke but little, and that little in the curt, low tones of their class. Occasionally the echo of a gruff guffaw reached the parlor, and one of them, louder than the rest, met with a response in the shape of an impatient movement and a half-muttered curse from the lips of a man sitting by the deal-table, and gazing at the fast-dying fire. Companion by the last guffaw, the solitary figure rose, took up the poker, and stirred the embers into a blaze. Then he resumed his seat and his attitude—one of meditation, moodily expressed by the drooped head and listless hand, that hung over the table and seemed bloodless, so white it shone in the firelight. White, too; was the face, a marvelous one as faces went—large, handsome, and, above all, masterful; but now, as the flicker lit it up for a moment, then, dying, let it rest in darkness for the next, to light it up again and again with each reviving flame, what a story appeared written upon it! What dark hollows lay beneath the black, piercing eyes! what deeply scored lines across the broad forehead! and, more noticeable than all, with what a weary, restless, dissatisfied and insatiable droop the thin lips were curved! A grand face! one to cause a shudder and a sigh, for it was the wreck of a splendid one, the index of a restless heart ever smouldering with hate and revengeful desire. Who could write the history of that wreck? what scourging like grim spectres through the tolling brain, deepening the lines and hollows and tightening the thin lips?—thoughts that would find utterance, so thickly they thronged, and in the old fashion in which Melchior the forger and schemer indulged, this man, twitching the long, lean fingers of the white one hanging by his hand, mutters to the fire. He would fain let the past lie, but he cannot. In that darkened room he must go over it all again, and he does so. He looks back upon the days when he was young, hopeful, and ardent, in the pride and glory of youth, with a career well-planned and sternly resolved. He remembers the day, the place, where he met the vicar's beautiful daughter, the beautiful Leonora. He remembers the first words they spoke, the place they were spoken, and he remembers, even now with a thrill and a flush, the sweetly breathed vows that were, alas! so soon broken. And now, as his mind comes to this portion of his journey, the white hand clenches, and he scowls at the fire with eyes that seem to outshine it. How well he can picture the old wrinkled form of the man who tempted and won her from him—Sir William Melville of Rivershall! He curses the name when first he heard it, and he vowed to work the old man who had bought his bride evil into death. And now the white hand, like a tiger's tongue, stretches to the blaze, and a smile, sinister and fiendish, crosses his lips. No general could have marshaled his force of ten thousand better than the penniless tutor had marshaled his wits, and with them got his revenge. Where was Sir William Melville now? In his grave. Where were the rest of his hated race? Buried from the world, and in his hands. Where was Lady Melville? Leonora, who had sold herself and played him false for a title and a manor? Where but at Rivershall, as much in his power and beneath his feet as the sand he grinds with his heel? Oh, his revenge is not yet complete, and now, as he sits at the fire, he tries to sweeten it with another draught. He has it to have, and that they need me. Have I your ladyship's permission to take a holiday?"

Her ladyship shifted uneasily in her chair, and her eyes flashed up again.

"Why do you go through the mockery of asking?" she said hastily. "Who is mistress here? Are not you?"

Miss Lucas, beyond a smile, made no reply.

"When do you go?" asked Lady Melville.

"To-night, within an hour."

"What relative is it?" asked her ladyship.

"My aunt," said Miss Lucas, with a dry cough.

"You may go, if you are waiting for my permission, as soon as you please."

Miss Lucas still waited. Lady Melville, who thought she had left the room—it was generally impossible to tell by the sense of hearing whether Miss Lucas was in the room, so snakily did she move about—started when looking up, and saw that she still stood there.

"What do you want—money?"

"It is the first time I have ever asked," said Miss Lucas.

Lady Melville rose wearily, and walked to her writing-table.

"How much do you wish?" she said.

"Your ladyship can make it for five thousand pounds."

Wearily and indifferently she drew up the check, signed it, and handed it. The two hands touching in the transfer of the piece of paper, and all the contact her ladyship shuddered.

"Are you coming back?" she asked, as Miss Lucas folded the piece of paper and placed it in her bosom carefully.

Miss Lucas hesitated a moment.

"Your ladyship shall hear from me," she said, and with a smile cold and full of significant disdain for the weaker clay, the woman of iron left the room.

She had gone half an hour, and then the weak woman began to wish her back. She looked round the room fearfully, and shivered as with cold.

"Alone, all alone!" she murmured, drawing nearer the fire. "Better to have her to watch and guard than no one. Why did I let her go?—why did I let her go?"

She fell to rocking herself to and fro, and rubbing her thin hands, one over the other, muttering at intervals that one wail:

"Alone, alone!"

A physician skilled in the signs of incipient insanity, seeing my lady just then, would have shaken his head gravely.

Presently there was a ring at the front door, but my lady, who usually started aghast at such summonses, took no notice of this, and, when a servant opened the door and admitted a gentleman, she still seemed unconscious of everything save her miserable solitude; and it was not until the stranger had stood in the centre of the room looking at her for some minutes with a sombre, pensive air, that she raised her head. When she did so he came forward, dropping his cloak, and with a smile held out his hand.

"Leonora!"

She rose, fixed her eyes upon the bronzed face, and dropped into the chair again. He started and looked at her attentively. The color forsook his face and left it for a moment livid.

"Great Heaven!" he murmured hoarsely. "She's going mad!"

He wiped the perspiration from his brow covertly, then, going up to her, touched her on the arm gently, and that she sprang up.

"Who is it?" she asked, trembling. "I thought I was dreaming. Who is it?"

"It is I, Leonora. Do you not know me?" he said softly, bending over her and gazing into the thin, wasted face—"I, Melchior Clifford, your old lover!"

She looked at him, breathing slowly, her eyes distending, her color coming and going with each pulsation.

"You!" she said hoarsely. "You come back from the dead!"

"No, Leonora, not from the dead! I am alive and well. Give me your hand."

He put out his hand as he spoke, but she struck it away wildly.

"If you are Melchior Clifford—and no ghost—give me back my boy—my child—my child!"

"Poor Leonora," he murmured. "And you believe it all! Alas, think you that if it had been that I had stolen him that I should not have cherished him for your sake!"

She stared at him for a moment, her lips forming the words over and over again.

"My child, my child!"

He took her hand.

"Leonora," he said solemnly, "the child died! It was not that stole him. A man your husband had injured robbed you of your child. I was in France, have been in France ever since."

"It is false!" she retorted. "I heard your voice in my shrubbery a few days ago."

He started and turned pale.

"So be it," he muttered savagely. "I must change the tactics."

Drawing himself up to his full height, he seized her arm roughly and brought his face close to hers.

"And if you did, what then, woman? Look me in the face—the man you played false to, the man whose life you ruined. Look me in the face, and tell me what you see there. Is it a face you can conquer, or will it conquer you? Tell me, weak idiot! I am here to-night to pay back old scores in a new way. Collect your senses, Leonora, Lady Melville, for I, your old lover, am here to woo again. This time to wed!"

She still stood like a thing of stone, looking at him with wild, distended eyes.

"Sit down," he said, "and listen. Drink this," and he took a small bottle of cordial from a sidetable and forced it to her lips. "Collect yourself. You used to be a sensible woman. Look at me. You remember me? I am Melchior Clifford, and I have come back to marry you."

"To marry me!" she repeated with a shudder.

"Aye," he said with a short laugh. "And to save you—to save you!"

"To save me?" she repeated.

"Aye," he said again. "Do you ask me what from? I reply the gallows!"

She shuddered from head to foot, and shrank from the scoffing interrogator as if he had been the loathed thing itself. He smiled.

"Come," he said, "that is right. Forget the past, and look forward to the future. You must have expected this. You knew better than to suppose I should leave you forever. You knew that I should come and claim my right as my reward!"

"Reward," she repeated, brushing her hair from her forehead with a mechanical gesture, as if she wanted more light—"reward!"

"Aye," he said, "reward for all these years' work. Who works for nothing? Not you, Leonora, Lady Melville, poor I. I have worked to place you here you are—here, snug in Rivershall—and I have come to claim my right to share it with you."

She rose and clasped her forehead with both hands. Then, throwing them up above her head, she cried, with eyes upturned:

"Merciful Heaven! how blind, how blind! I see it all, now that it is too late. You are the fiend that has prompted all this work. You are the—the Chevalier de Morni!"

"I am," he said, holding the hands at his back to the blaze, and smiling at her with the old, smile.

"You are the cursed villain who murdered—poisoned Sir Ralph and Lilian Melville!"

"I am," he said, "but an accomplice and servant of yours, my lady. You may remember, perhaps, bestowing a pretty little casket with a pretty little enclosure on a certain governess ——"

"O Heaven! You, too, were in league with that she-fiend and hound, to have worked my ruin in this world and the next!"

"A very comfortable ruin," he said, waving his white hand round the luxurious room with a smile.

"That other villain, too," she continued, running over the past and its complications, and trying to unravel the skein which she herself had helped to tangle—"you, too, helped him perhaps, to tyrannize over and tantalize me."

"Lord Harcourt, you mean," he said, and a dark frown knit his brow. "No, Leonora, he is as much my enemy as yours. My lord and I have a little matter to settle, but all in good time. No, Lady Melville, she, for one, is not going to escape me. Bully and me. Call me what you will—the fiend if you like—but you cannot say I ever treated a woman like a cur. Come, sit down and be calm. What good can you find in going over the past and trying to connect me with every link in it? It is enough that I am here—that I am at your feet as of old, to woo and to win."

She let him take her hand, seeming unconscious that she did so, and he led her to the couch, where she sat staring at the fire and plucking the crape of her dress with her thin, nervous hands. He watched her closely in silence. Suddenly she looked up and round, like a fugitive surrounded on all sides, and then, fixing her eyes upon his face, said piteously:

"Is there no escape?"

"From me?—none. What would you escape from? Look at me. I am not old, I am not wrinkled nor decrepid—not like the man you played me false for, Leonora—and I am rich. Marry me, redeem the pledge of your sweet girlhood, and you have a good husband and a powerful guardian. Refuse, and—well, what better hands do you fall into? Lord Harcourt would be back directly to bully you into your grave, Kate Lucas will return to domineer over you, and, lastly, some prying official will get upon the scent of that deeper and darker mystery, and ——"

"Enough," she breathed, putting up both hands to shut the words out. "I was mad, mad with jealousy and rage—tortured out of my senses by that dreadful woman—your tool, swear before Heaven that I meant them no harm, that I regretted with the bitterest remorse the work of that fatal hour. Merciful Powers! what remorse I have endured since! I have not seen them night after night standing in their grave clothes at my bed. I meet them on the stairs of this great, gaunt house. They glbe at me from their frames in the gallery, and they sit by my side at meals, and flavor each morsel I eat. O Heaven! that I could but undo that which I have done!"

Had the creature at her side had anything farther than the mere form of a man he would have had mercy—have taken the fearful load off his victim's heart, but he said nothing, and smiled.

"Leonora," he said presently, "it is the weak guilty who suffer. Drop the past, forget it. What is done is done, and many years—fifteen full years are before you. You are young yet ——"

"Young!" she retorted with bitter scorn. "Look at my face! Yours tells nothing of the crimes you have committed. Mine is seared and stricken with my one. O man, man! by the love you once bore me, have mercy upon me to my fate!"

"Ah!" he said, "that is the word. It is fate, Leonora. It was your fate that you should marry me. You fought against it, have fought against it all these years, and see to what effect! Fate has enmeshed you in your own toils, and, unalterable as death, still decrees that you should be mine. Come, Leonora, no more of this, if it please you. we will leave this grand but gloomy place. We will go to France, Italy, where you will, and in other climes forget the past and build up for ourselves another future."

"Forget!" she said. "Never. I have but one hope, and that is death."

"No, no," he said with a smile. "That is child's play. Let me give you some more cordial. Don't say no. Now you look better. Can you smile? If so, do so, for I am going to ring the bell. Will you order a brougham to take me to the inn? To-morrow I will go away to town to get a special license. Two days hence, Leonora, you will be the wife of Melchoir Clifford, who has waited all these years for you."

She had sunk into her old attitude now; but when he rang the bell she looked up, and, with his eye fixed on hers ordered the brougham as he had directed. It was a point gained and he would not spoil it by stopping longer.

"Good-night, my bride-to-be," he said, stopping and taking her hand—"good-night. Two days hence and we will set the bells going to a happier metre than they have been used to lately."

"I want Kate Lucus," she said, passing her hand over her forehead.

"Kate Lucus you will never see again," he said. "She is gone with all your other troubles," and he waved his white hand.

"Never again," she said, looking troubled and bewildered. "Never again."

"Never!" he said.

"Why? How?" she said. "She will come back."

"No," he said.

Then, seeing that she had lost the thread, and was groping for it helplessly in her confusion, he helped her.

"She was in my power, Leonora. Poor girl! she deserved a better fate! Now she is in yours."

"In mine?" she repeated monotonously.

"Aye," he said. "Go upstairs and look at your jewel-case. If a single stone or trinket remain, Kate is not half so sensible a girl as I thought."

"My jewels!" she repeated. "Stolen them?"

"Aye," he said, "stolen them, every one of them. She will not dare to come back, to set her foot in England, for you will be on the alert to arrest her, and she knows it. Poor girl! it was a shame to take her in her own trap with her own bait; but I have never spared man nor woman that stood in my path to you, Leonora; and now that she, the last of the straws, is swept away, I do but wait the crowning of my endeavors, Good-night, sweet Leonora. How the old days come back to me at the name! Good-night. Two days hence and you are my wife and under my protection."

He kissed her cold hand again, and then, as the servant threw open the door to announce that the brougham was ready, bowed with the air of a courtier and swept out. The brougham was at the entrance, and two servants stood ready to help the visitor in and close the door after him. They thought him nothing less than a prince, and by some strange instinct already saw in him their future master.

"Where shall I say, sir?" asked one of them.

"To the inn," he said, falling back into the satin cushions. "And quickly, please."

The coachman tightened his reins, and was about to start when a man, a farm-laborer by his dress, walked across the road with a true yokel lurch and stopped the horses. The coachman swore at him; but the fellow, who seemed half-seas-over or stupid, lurched round, and actually came between the two footmen and the carriage-door. The light from the entrance-hall streamed full upon the face of the important visitor, and no doubt the yokel saw it, and acknowledged its dignity, for he tugged at his cap, and, stroking a pair of thick, heavy whiskers, snarled out a countrified

"Good-nolght, measter."

"Good-night, my fine fellow," said the gentleman good-humoredly, adding to the obsequious footman as the carriage now started. "Going home drunk and happy."

But the yokel did not behave much like a drunken man—or perhaps it might be considered that he did; for directly he got into the darkness he turned out of the sidewalk and ran along by the hedge in the direction which the brougham had taken, and, by cutting across a field, he reached the inn in time to see—while he himself was hidden from view by a deep shadow behind the porch—the gentleman from the hall alight and enter the inn. Soon after the yokel entered the bar himself, and, in true country fashion, got into conversation with the little group of laborers there, and learned that the strange gentleman was also a liberal one, that he had stood two bottles of wine, and that he had two private rooms set apart for his use—to wit, the best parlor and the best bedroom.

Having, in a casual way, ascertained the position of these two rooms, the yokel, who was a stranger to these parts himself, paid his reckoning and tramped out. In the morning my lord, his highness, the prince, or whatever else he was, paid his bill, gave the good woman of the house a sovereign into the bargain, and asked for the best horse. He was going to London, he said, but should return after a stay of a few hours only. A good horse was obtained for him—not the best in the village, however, for that seemed to have been engaged by a bagman who was going up to town also. The prince, marquis, or whatever else he might be, started at eight o'clock, and set off at a good pace Londonwards.

At a quarter past eight the bagman, a young fellow with an abundant crop of red hair and mutton-chop whiskers, with the additional advantage of a green shade over one eye, started also, likewise on the London road. At the first inn, five miles on the highway, the gentleman halted for his horse to drink, and five minutes after he had started the bagman arrived and halted likewise. And, strange to relate, at whatever inn, wayside brook or cross-road the gentleman paused or rested at, the bagman followed suit also, five or ten minutes behind, like a shadow. In this way substance and shadow rode into London city—in this way the shadow found himself—without the scanty whisker, but with a good crop, sailor-fashion, and wrapped in a thick pea-jacket—putting up at the same hotel, and dining in a room whose door overlooked the door of that in which the gentleman was also dining. Indeed, he slept in a room exactly opposite the one in which the gentleman reclined his princely limbs, and seemed as unintrusive a shadow as any prince, duke, marquis, or lord could possibly desire.

CHAPTER LI.

Thanks, to men
Of noble minds, is honorable meed.—SHAKESPEARE.

Leaving Sir Ralph and Lilian to seek the rest they so much needed, Clarence retired to his own room to rest, if his happiness would allow him, to think if it would not.

He did sleep a little, waking at intervals to touch the wall which separated him from the beautiful girl he loved, and to murmur short snatches of thanksgivings and fervent blessings upon her.

He rose early in the morning, and, fearful of awaking them, trod on tip-toe past their doors, and paced the street.

He considered them under his protection now—blessed change!—and he was puzzling his brains to evolve some scheme for their restoration to Rivershall, and the punishment of the villainy that had so illused them.

When he returned, Lilian opened the sitting-room door, and with a blushing smile beckoned him.

With an answering smile he sprang forward and caught her hand to his lips.

Her eyes were sparkling with the eagerness of love and gratitude, and as she whispered "Come in" she touched his hand with a light pressure.

Clarence entered, and Sir Ralph rose from the arm-chair.

His face had altered in the night also, and liberty had lifted the shadow from a countenance that was now firm and resolute again.

He held out his hand and clasped Clarence's with a grateful emphasis, and with an eager look he said:

"Well, Mr. Clifford, have you hit upon a solution?"

"First, let us give Mr. Clifford some breakfast," interposed Lilian with a faint blush, and Sir Ralph, smiling apologetically, said:

"Forgive me; I feel so well this morning that I am impatient to unravel this mystery. Breakfast by all means; but, before even that, my thanks."

"No thanks yet, Sir Ralph, until I am sure that I am not in some way the cause of your suffering."

Sir Ralph looked gravely astonished.

"You!" he said. "How? But there, let us have some breakfast."

Clarence rose, but Lilian, looking hurt, appealed to her father with a glance, and Sir Ralph said, with some emotion:

"We are your guests, Mr. Clifford, not you ours."

Clarence bowed silently, and with secret joy watched Lilian pour out the coffee, rejoicing in her beauty, her bright eyes, and, more than all, the reflection which they gave rise to—that he who loved her had restored her to life.

Perhaps Sir Ralph saw what was passing in his mind, for he looked keenly at him, and then sought the fire and sighed.

Breakfast over, Sir Ralph set down his cup and looked anxious again.

Lilian took a chair beside her father, and Clarence, leaning one arm upon the table, knitted his brows, as was his fashion, and prepared to go over the whole train of circumstances, and trace them to their cause.

First, Sir Ralph insisted upon telling the story of Doctor Bromwell's appearance and his own and Lilian's unconsciousness, which followed indeed, repeating Lilian's story almost word for word.

Clarence listened, noting down each important point, and following it to its sequence; then, at Sir Ralph's request, he related his own adventures. Sir Ralph stared with astonishment.

"But—but," he said at last, "why persecute you? I can understand their motive for putting me and Lilian away. Of course it was to secure Rivershall, but you? In what way are you connected with the plot? You had no estate to be plotted away."

"I am struggling to the light, but as yet I can see a faint glimmer only. One thing is certain, that to the scoundrel to whom you owe your suffering I also may trace my supposed fortune and imprisonment. One thing more is also certain that the woman, Kate Lucas, was his tool. Lil—Miss Melville's witness of the strange conference in the shrubbery was something more than a suspicion. That man in the moonlight was the contriver of this diabolical plot, and he was Doctor Bromwell."

"But," said Sir Ralph, passing his hand across his forehead, "supposing you are right, where is the man's motive? Who is he?"

There was a pause. Sir Ralph's eyes were fixed upon Clarence's, Lilian's were bent upon

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Negro Minstrelsy---Sentimental Ballads---Comic Songs---Theatrical Jokes ---Circus Reminiscences---Old Playbills---Banjo Eccentricities, Etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

A LOOK AT THE AUDIENCE.

Having given our friends a glance at the passing show, with its performers in their various specialties—the tragedian in his greed for gore, the melodramatic actor in his three-up-and-two-down, the clown in his merry pranks, the dancer in her poetry of motion, the circus-riders in their equestrian acts; in fact, having given a glimpse of all conditions and classes of the show world, we now propose to exhibit some of the "lookers-on in Venice," and make a few random remarks concerning their peculiarities and eccentricities. First, then, we will ring up the curtain. (*Tong-a-ling.*)

IN THE DRESS CIRCLE.

These are among our most respectable patrons—they are dressed neatly, but not gorgeously; and they prefer the circle because they can be more natural there than in the orchestra. They have come for pleasure, and though the curtain has just been raised, our friends already, by their countenances, express the enjoyment they expect to derive from the evening's entertainment. The gentleman in the centre is the affianced lover of one of the youthful creatures by his side, who are sisters, the chosen one declining to accompany him unless both are taken; hence we see them with him wherever he goes for a little recreation. While we are looking about us, our beautiful brunette will favor our friends with her latest novelty:

THE MUSICAL MEDLEY.

TO BE WELL SHAKEN BEFORE TAKEN.

WRITTEN BY MISS MAGGIE O'NEIL, AND DEDICATED TO HER BROTHER, "DICK TURNER."

Fly across the ocean, birdie,
Take this letter to my mother,
And call me darling once again;
Thou hast learned to love another—
There's a letter in the candle,
At twilight in the park;
Gold, I love to hear it jingle,
When out upon a lark.

I am o'er young to marry yet—
Will you love me when I'm old?
Don't be angry with me, darling—
Silver threads among the gold.
There is no harm in kissing
At the gay masquerade;
I'd offer thee this hand of mine,
When on the grand parade.

Coming from the great World's Fair,
We married in the blue and gray;
Is my darling true to me,
All among the hay? [blinds.
Pull down the blinds, pull down the
I'm such a shy young girl;
I tickled her under the chin,
And my brain was in a whirl.

Keep off the grass! keep off the grass!
With rollicking Dolly Day;
It's naughty but it's nice,
Oh, what will mamma say?
O dear, aint you awful?
The girl with the laughing eye—
Coming home from the ball,
And kissing on the sly.

Tommy, make room for your aunty;
Act on the square—
Sailing on the lake,
With the girl with the auburn hair.
Traveling back to Georgia
With old black Joe—
The old home aint what it used to be
One hundred years ago.

Oh, isn't it nice to have a beau
Marching with the band,
Toddling through the lancers,
The happiest in the land?—
Walking out on Sunday,
Always in time;
Little robin, tell Kittie I'm coming.
Oh, how can you wonder at crime?

NORAH WALTERS.

While the lady is singing, the voice of this gentleman may be heard all over the house; he can tell you the name of every song ever composed; not only that, he can repeat, word for word, and line for line, each and every number upon the programme, and, with a pertinacity that trenches upon impudence, he keeps time with the singer, declaiming aloud the words, and, between verses, foretelling to those around him what is to follow, how the song will terminate, and much other vexatious nonsense which is at once an annoyance to those near him, and an impertinence to the singer; and yet he does it so pleasantly, in such an obliging manner, that you cannot be vexed at him.

A DISTURBER OF THE PIECE.

This is the mother of Syrah Walters, and you can easily tell that she is by no means pleased at the disorderly conduct of the knowing party while her daughter is "on." It is her privilege to hear the remarks concerning the merits of her child, and anything that is calculated to mar "the effect" is an insult which no excuse can palliate. We shall show you a few more characters among the audience, but in the interim we will permit the play to proceed.

A GUARDIAN ANGEL.

FIRST THEATRE ROYAL, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.

Opening Night, July 16, 1855.

Our Melbourne correspondent "Gallboy" forwards us a copy of the programme of the performances given on the above-named occasion. William Mower Akhurst is in London, Eng., a successful burlesque and pantomime writer; Mrs. Charles Poole is in Boston, Mass.; Charles Walsh was lately a popular bonifface at Warrington, Eng.; Alfred Phillips is an inspector of pavements in Melbourne; Henry Neil Warner is in Canada; Mr. Burford in New Zealand; Robert McGowan, Mrs. Chester and G. H. Rogers are dead; Mrs. Alfred Moore is living in retirement in Sydney, N. S. W.; Mrs. Thom is in England, with her husband, who is connected with the Crystal Palace Band at Sydenham; Madame Strebinger, with her husband, is living in retirement in Paris; Signor Carandini died some years ago on the Continent of Europe; Miss Anna Maria Quinn is in Memphis, Tenn., in retirement; J. H. Vinson is in California; Mrs. Alfred Phillips died last year in Melbourne; Chas. Poole died in Boston, Mass., Dec. 1, 1871; Henry Holmes, one of the scenic artists, is at present following his vocation in New Zealand.

THEATRE ROYAL.

Grand Opening and Inauguration of the Theatre Royal
ON MONDAY EVENING, JULY 16, 1855,
under the management of Mr. John Black.

On which occasion the Inaugural Address from the pen of W. M. Akhurst, Esq., will be spoken by Mrs. Charles Poole.

The following celebrated artists will appear in the course of the evening:

MRS. CHARLES POOLE, from the London, Provincial and Continental Theatres, and late leading actress of the Theatres Royal, Dublin, Cork and Belfast.

MR. G. H. ROGERS, the Australian comedian.

MR. J. VINSON, from the American theatres, and late of the Metropolitan, San Francisco.

MR. HENRY NEIL WARNER, from the Provincial Theatres.

MME. STREBINGER, from the Academie Royal, Paris.

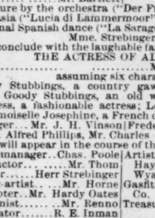
Also, for a limited number of nights, the highly celebrated juvenile actress MISS ANNA MARIA QUINN, whose performances have created such immense sensation in America and the Australian colonies.

THIS EVENING, MONDAY, JULY 16, 1855,
will be produced Richard Brinsley Sheridan's fashionable comedy of

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

Sir Peter Teazle	G. H. Rogers	Snake	Mr. Bertram
Sir Oliver Surface	J. Walsh	Servant to Sir Peter	A. Phillips
Crabtree	Mr. Burford		Mr. Styles
Charles Surface	H. N. Warner	Servant to Charles	Mr. Wilson
Joseph Surface	Mr. Burford	Servant to Joseph	Mr. Thomas
Sir Benjamin Backbite	Mr. Russell		
Rowley	Mr. Salem	Lady Teazle	Mrs. C. Poole
Moses	Mr. McGowan	Mrs. Candour	Mrs. Chester

Now, any reasonable and fair-minded person will admit that this play was well cast and well acted; and yet the inevitable grumpy old theatre-goer of a bygone age will be sure to start up in his seat and declare the whole thing a burlesque. "You should have seen Edmund Kean and Macready in that play, sir! Bah! you talk about acting nowadays; there's no acting now; it died out when those great types of genius passed away! Acting, indeed! It's all bosh! If you had ever been in the old Park pit, in the palmy days of the drama, you might talk of having seen *acting*—not such stuff as they have imposed upon us here-to-night. But they are 'gone to that bourne whence no traveler returns' and 'we ne'er shall look upon their likes again.'" In this connection it is worthy of remark that the Old Park Pitite never dies; he is ever present when a discussion takes place concerning the actors of the past and of the present; he never fails to assure those around him that acting died when the old Park ceased to be, and that management expired when Simpson & Co. drifted away on the outgoing tide. Notwithstanding his alleged objection to modern actors and modern theatres, he attends all performances and visits nearly every place of amusement. His gray hairs protect him from the deserved assaults of those whom he insults by his discreditable conduct. Though he is frequently requested to "pull down his vest," he never heeds the warning voice of the theatre-goer of the present day, but continues to indulge in his comparisons of past acting with that of the present always to the detriment of the latter.



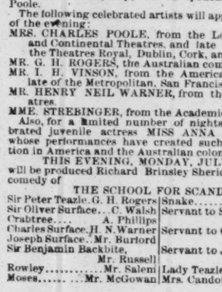
THE OLD PARK PITITE.

It is a relief to turn from these croakers, and listen to the sweet voice of one of our public favorites, who will now introduce a ballad never before sung either in public or in private.

I WISH THAT I WERE BACK WITH THEE.

DEDICATED TO MY FRIENDS IN NEW YORK.

BY HENRY MARTINI.



BESSIE BLAINE.

How long the days have seemed to me
Since I was by thy side—
The dear old place I long to see
Across the ocean wide—
Fond mem'ry oft to me will bring
The scenes of days gone by;
Your voices in my ears will ring,
'Till I fancy you are nigh.
Chorus.—I wish that I were back with thee,
Among those friends of yore,
Your faces once again to see,
And part from thee no more.

Each morn my thoughts are fixed on thee,
And oft I hear them say:
"Among those friends I long to be
Who are so far away;"
I'll ne'er forget those friends so kind,
Who are so dear to me—
Such friends again I ne'er may find
As those I've found in thee.
Chorus.—I wish that I were back with thee,
Among those friends of yore,
Your faces once again to see
And part from thee no more.

While you are digesting this touching little gem, we propose to present for your favorable consideration one of our standard plays interpreted by our own excellent stock company.

THE FIRST PRODUCTION OF "OLD MAIDS" IN THIS CITY.

We print a copy of an advertisement—contributed by George P. Elder—announcing the first performance of Sheridan Knowles' comedy above named. Miss Charlotte Cushman died in Boston, Mass., Feb. 18, 1876; Miss Susan Cushman (Mrs. Dr. Muspratt) died in Liverpool, Eng., May 10, 1859; Mrs. Wheatley died in this city July 18, 1872; Mrs. Vernon also died here June 4, 1869; Mrs. Pritchard subsequently became Mrs. Lovell, and retired from public life some years ago; William Wheatley died in this city Nov. 3, 1876; W. H. Sellamy died in Greenpoint, L. I., April 15, 1866; W. S. Fredericks is living in retirement at Long Branch, N. J.; Wm. Chippendale is performing in England; W. H. Williams returned to London, Eng., and died there Oct. 29, 1846; C. W. Clarke died in this city Sept. 22, 1867; John Povey died in London, Eng., May 2, 1867; Miss Julia Turnbull has not been heard of in some years, and is probably dead; Henry Placide died in Babylon, L. I., Jan. 23, 1870.

PARK THEATRE.

The manager, encouraged by the distinguished and liberal support bestowed on "London Assurance," has made every effort to produce another play with all the needful decorations, and respectfully submits the last new comedy, performed in London, to the friends of the drama and the patronage of the public.

ON MONDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1841,
will be performed, for the first time in America, the comedy of OLD MAIDS.

Now playing at Covent Garden Theatre, London, with distinguished success.

The scenery entirely new—Messrs. Hillyard, A. Wheatley, Grain, Delamano and Delamose. The costumes by Mr. Mead. The upholstery by M. Dejonge. The machinery by Mr. Dunn.

Lady Blanche	Miss Cushman	Master Blount	Bellamy
Lady Anne	Miss S. Cushman	Thomas Blount	Fredericks
Mistress Blunt	Mrs. Wheatley	John Blount	Chippendale
Charlotte	Mrs. Vernon	Robert	W. H. Williams
Jane	Mrs. Pritchard	Stephen	C. W. Clarke
Sir Philip	Mr. Wheatley	Jacob	Mr. Povey

A Swiss Pas Seul by Miss Julia Turnbull.

To conclude with

ADVICE GRATIS.

Oldboy ..... Mr. Placide

TUESDAY—Mr. Samuel Butler's Benefit.

WEDNESDAY—Mr. Simpson's Benefit—"London Assurance" for the twenty-sixth time, being the only night it can be played for a considerable period.

Boxes, $1; Pit, 50c.; Gallery, 25c

AMUSEMENT ANNALS—CLIPPER SERIES, NO. XX.

THE LEG-MANIA OF THE HIGH-KICKERS.

By "High-kickers" is not meant that numerous class who are perhaps best represented in this country by the superactive Mlle. Sara, latterly with the migratory Soldene Opera-bouffe Troupe; and in using the term "Leg-mania" we have no reference to that delightful kind, born of divinity in dimity, which nearly eight years ago thrilled Richard Grant White throughout his uncommon length of six feet and over, and inspired him to pen of Pauline Markham that "her speech was vocal velvet" and that she had "found the long-lost arms of the 'Venus of Milo,'" while as to Lydia Thompson he wrote that he liked her in "Sinbad" much better than he had liked Edwin Forrest in "Hamlet," and confessed that in her resemblance to Venus, at least in the matter of costume, he "saw no chance of harm to himself"—on the contrary, he thought it desirable that "the points of a fine woman should be somewhat better known among us," inasmuch as he regards them "as quite as important, and quite as interesting, as those of a fine horse." It is black-leg mania we have now to treat of, and not white-leg; and the "High-kickers" under review are the Girards, the Pholtes, the Razillias, the Vokes Family, and the Majiltons, the last of whom are represented in the engraving on our first page as performing one of their principal acts. The three Razillia Brothers, who have just reappeared in San Francisco, where we think they organized about a year ago, are the youngest of the "High-kickers;" the Pholtes are also comparatively young; it was the Girards who adopted the names of "Leg-mania" and "High-kickers" as trade-marks; the Vokeses have become a familiar story in two hemispheres; and the Majiltons, as is not generally known, were the originals in America of "Leg-mania," though they called their act that of "Le Trois Diables."

As the knowledge has come to us in spite of the Majiltons, we betray no confidence in stating that the real name of no one of the three is Majilton. They have never performed under their real name, and yet they have not always confined themselves to that of Majilton for professional purposes. The latter, a *j* being substituted for *g*, without altering the sound, comes from the American acrobats so popular as Magiltons about a quarter of a century ago, one of whom (Henry) maimed himself for life while performing on the trapeze at the Alhambra, London, in the Spring of 1861, and is now paralyzed. One of the Majiltons with a *j* was a flying-ring and trapeze performer of excellence before he became a Majilton, while another has acquired no little local celebrity as an artist in water-colors, and has done himself credit by the fidelity with which he has reproduced various portions of the interior and exterior of Westminster Abbey.

Anecdotes are not in place among these "Annals," the aim of which is not alone to avoid what is manifestly both untrue and absurd, but also to present nothing that cannot be verified. Nevertheless, from an inexhaustible mine of almost useless anecdotal metal we select an apropos one that, besides being a part of the history of a journey that attracted considerable attention at the time, and was true to many a pungent newspaper paragraph at the expense of the pedestrian, is endorsed by Thomas Frost, a well-known English writer. Speaking of the pride the elder "Majilton" took in his three children, Mr. Frost adds: "When Sergeant Bates, to win a wager and make a book, carried the flag of the American Union from Glasgow to London, the elder 'Majilton' welcomed him to the metropolis in an epistle signed 'Majilton,' without the prefix of his baptismal name, as if the writer were a peer of the realm and was but using his title! The father refers with unbounded pride to his olive-branches, then traveling in the United States; and the Sergeant, who had probably never heard of them before, speaks of the Majiltons, in return, as a talented family of *actors!*" It is almost needless to say that the Sergeant uttered nothing but his own opinions. The Majiltons are not actors in the sense in which the Sergeant used the word. They are grotesque dancers in sombre dresses and ghastly faces. Their specialty is a ballet of diablerie, like that of Fred Evans, and also like that at one time of the Lauri Family, who were seen in this city about seven years ago. To the ballet business the Majiltons added tumbling and hat-spinning. The idea of the latter, now done by hundreds in this country and in Great Britain, comes to us indirectly from Lauri Bertrand, a French clown who was the first to introduce into England the soft felt hat with all its possible tricks at the end of a lively stick. The first appearance in America of the Majiltons—Charles, Francois and Marie, as they called themselves—was at Niblo's Garden, Dec. 12, 1870, when "The Black Crook" was first revived there. Possessing absolute novelty in the form in which they presented it, their entertainment met the popular taste. Next came the Girards—Julien, Emil and Russell. The last-mentioned, born on the 15th of August, 1857, was the organizer of the party, and had been an actor upon the legitimate stage under another name. The troupe has altered its personality several times since it started out, but has never changed its name. The entertainment given by it was modeled after that of the Majiltons, but was yet distinctive enough to prove highly interesting even to those who had witnessed the antics of their predecessors. They appeared originally in Boston, and after achieving a decided success in that city they went to San Francisco, and thence to Australia, where to dancing was a novelty that brought them a reward justifying their long journey. The Vokeses, who are the best known of all, made their American debut nearly seventeen months after the Majiltons, or on April 25, 1872, at the Tivoli-square Theatre, then a variety house. It is their present purpose to return to this country next year. Recently, Rosina, having married, has retired, and her place has been taken by Miss Bella Moore (Mrs. Fred Vokes). The Pholtes, a later party, and of American origin, have also been engaged to meet the frequenters of the variety theatres throughout the country, differing in this respect from the Vokeses, who, always having accomplished vocalists among their party, and being artists in many ways—expert pantomimists and legitimate burlesque actors—can furnish an entertainment peculiarly suited to the demand for change in the regular theatres. The trade-mark of the Pholtes is "The Jolie Grotesques"—a *pretty-jolly* admixture of French and English. They were organized in San Francisco, and last Spring one of their number, Robert Pholtes, went to Europe, joined the Girards, whereupon the two Pholtes (Charles and Joseph) recalled to their group their original partner, then in California. At present they are performing in London at the Oxford and Cambridge Music Halls.

THE FATAL JEWEL.

MIAMISBURG, O., May 30, 1877.

MR. FRANK QUEEN—*Dear Sir:* The inclosed paragraph is going the rounds of the papers. Please publish the *facts* in this "emerald story," and oblige

Yours, etc., KINKEAD.

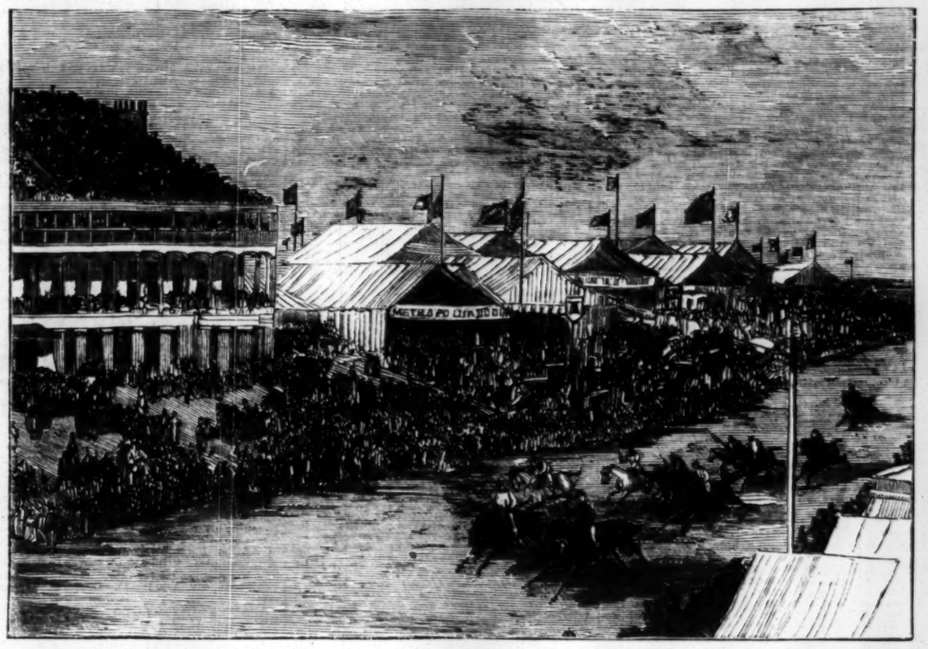
HISTORY OF AN EMERALD.—A queer bit of superstition in that concerning the death of all the owners of an emerald which used to flash on the shirt-fronts of prominent negro minstrels. The stone was sold by Pony Moore, the long-haired manager, first to Luke West, who has then in excellent health. Very soon West was taken sick, was at the point of death, and, wishing to give Matt Peel something that his kinsfolk would prize, presented him with the emerald. At once Luke began to regain his health, but Peel died after wearing the jewel a year. Hiram Rumsey bought it from the widow, lived to be a year living, bequeathed it to George Christy. After a few months of dreadful suffering with epilepsy, Christy died in New York City. He promised to Sheer Campbell, a pupil, but he never wore it, but loaned it to Unsworth, who spotted it on the stage at Bryant's. Bryant, Unsworth and Neise Seymour, Campbell, Tantalion Johnson and Lady Miller were the trio, with Sher. Campbell, were all dead. The night Neise Seymour died, his brother and Tony Pastor smashed the stone and scattered the tiny fragments. This is one of the stories told in the green-room, or the green-room, where the minstrels talk over the promising futures that opened before the men who seemed fated to die as soon as the jewel-stone emerald was theirs.

The story first appeared in the New York correspondence of a distant paper. It is of the same kidney as the tons of amusement anecdotes now floating upon the surface of the press of this country. The writer often "runs on space" and a contract, and the spicier the "anecdotes" are made the longer the writers can "keep up the racket." When this particular story started out, the yarn opened with Pony Moore's extensive trade in diamonds, by the sale of which to professionals, he was alleged, he annually cleared the expenses of his journey to and from America. The original story related that Eph Horn, who is not mentioned in the above extract, got this fatal jewel from George Christy in liquidation of a debt. The idea of Christy owning Horn anything is not bad. Of course, having owned the jewel, Horn died. The charming conceit of the writer was to saddle that stone upon every minstrel of prominence who has died of late years; but somehow the name of James H. Budworth was overlooked. As matter of fact, Pony Moore never sold a jewel to Luke West. He is not selling jewels, nor has he ever been. He defies anyone but Dave Wambold to say that he ever sold to any professional one of the many diamonds he has had in his lifetime. After much persuasion and four months of hesitation, he did once sell a diamond to Wambold. The latter paid one thousand guineas for that "fatal jewel," and probably has it yet, in spite of the "smashing" heels of Tony Pastor and Harry Sanderson (Neise Seymour's brother). The value of this class of anecdotes is amply shown, apart from Mr. G. W. Moore's studious abstemption from jewel-selling, in the fact that, while the writer states that, dying, Rumsey bequeathed this "fatal jewel" to George Christy, the latter died on May 12, 1868, of inflammation of the brain (not epilepsy), and Rumsey lived until Sept. 9, 1871, three years and a half longer than Christy. Luke West died four years before Pony Moore went to England. So far from Mat Peel living but a year after he got the jewel from West, he outlived West five years.

ORION CLUB SPORTS.—On Decoration Day, May 30, considerably over one thousand people attended the initial outdoor meeting of the Orion Rowing and Athletic Club, at the West-side Park, Jersey City, N. J. The return is as follows: 100yds. dash—Heat 1: J. H. Van Loan, 1; J. M. Wright, 2; Wm. Dittman, 3. Time, 12¼sec. Heat 2: H. B. Wilson Jr., ½; W. H. Griffin, ½. Time, 11¾sec. Final: Wilson. Time, 11¾sec. One-mile walk—T. F. McEwen, 1; Chas. Connor, 2; G. H. Van Loan, 3. Time, 7min. 18¾sec. McEwen walked under protest as a professional. Hurdle-race, 120yds.—Heat 1: W. F. Meyers, 1; Jas. H. Wright, 2. Time, 22sec. Heat 2: J. H. Van Loan, 1. Time, 19¾sec. Final heat not run, on account of rain. Running broad jump—John Box Jr., 8ft. 3in. John West was entered for this, but was ruled out; in jumping to show what he was capable of doing, West cleared 5ft. 4in. Half-mile run—Fred E. Hough. Time, 2min. 8¾sec. Quarter-mile run—J. H. Ferguson. Referee, E. Plummer. Judges, John P. Luther and M. Newbold. Starter, Prof. Smyth. Timekeeper, L. W. Mitchell.

FOUNTAIN GUN CLUB.—The members of this organization met at the Brooklyn (N. Y.) Driving Park May 30 for the purpose of contending for a gold pencil, presented by Mr. White, president of the club. Sixteen members shot at seven birds each, 21yds. rise, 80yds. boundary, and the scores made were as follows: Dr. Race, M. Williams, 7 each; F. Cleaver, "Josephs" Walters and Dr. Atkins, 6 each; Burtis, Henderson and White, 5; Goodwin and Slane, 4; Kearney and Connors, 2; Fisk and Crook, 1. In shooting off, Dr. Race killed 2 to Williams' 1, thus winning the match. Referee, Mr. Carlslake.

IT IS vain to cling to the youth which is past, be our unbelief of the fact ever so stubborn. Rather should it be gracefully resigned for the cheerful acceptance.



THE DERBY DAY.

THE TURF.

SILVIO WINS THE DERBY.

England's great and usual turf holiday—the date upon which the Derby Stakes are run for at Epsom—was enjoyed last week, and the same immense throngs of people of all classes who have swarmed over the Downs in former years were there, and the same scenes of excitement and extravagant hilarity which were witnessed and written about in the past, and which have come to be inseparable from the occasion, were again participated in by about all of Queen Victoria's subjects who could afford the necessary tax on purse and time. Our artist has depicted the animated scene at the course as the struggling contestants were nearing the finish, urged on by the shouts of the assembled thousands and the keen spurs of their riders. The race was this year more interesting to Americans than for many years previously, in consequence of the prominent position assumed by the American horse Brown Prince, though unfortunately, as the sequel proved, this position was not warranted by "the facts in the case," the Prince, as well as Chamant—another favorite for first place—failing to get a place. The cable furnishes the following details of the event:

Seventeen ran. Excepting a slight shower just before noon, the weather continued fine throughout the day. The railway trains from the metropolis and all outlying districts were crowded from an early hour, and many special trains were run. The Prince of Wales, Princes Leopold and Christian, and the members of the Chinese Embassy went down in a special train from Victoria Station at 1 o'clock. The roads were in prime condition and alive with vehicles of all kinds, as well as with equestrians and pedestrians. The crowd of spectators along the route seemed even greater than that going to Epsom. During the last three days the betting underwent a complete revolution, and until the very moment of decision the result was far more doubtful than it had seemed at any time the past three months. Chamant, who had been the first favorite ever since betting began, and who won the Two Thousand Guineas a month ago, met with some accident which from the first was believed would prove fatal to his chances. There were various versions of what had happened. According to some, he was pricked in shoeing. Others asserted that he had cut himself in his box. A third story was that he had been coughing very badly several days. It was certain, at all events, that he had not had a gallop for three days, and nobody would have been surprised to hear that he had been scratched. When it was known, therefore, that Chamant had arrived at Epsom, the anxiety to see him was very great and many hundreds visited the Downs at an early hour to witness this morning's exercise. He was out shortly after ten, and after walking an hour was sent two short canters, and then taken to the top of the hill, and galloped at three-parts speed the remainder of the Derby course. None of the spectators could discern the slightest lameness, nor any indication of cough or nervousness, the opposite of both broke out afresh before the racing, and he quickly receded to long odds, Rob Roy again coming to the front, with a proportionate shortening of figures on the other favorites. The final betting was 3 to 1 against Rob Roy, 7 to 1 against Altyre, 7 to 1 against Bowyer Prince, 9 to 1 against Plunger, 10 to 1 against Silvio, and 50 to 1 against Glen Arthur. At one time during the forenoon Chamant was quoted as low as 12 to 1, but recovered to 4 to 1 after he had been seen in the paddock.

Long before the numbers were hoisted every spot on the stands was filled. After a preliminary canter, by Thunderstone, the 17 starters were marshaled to the post, and at the first attempt the flag fell to a capital start. Glen Arthur and Tantalus were first away, and made joint running for 200 yards, when they were joined by Don Carlos, Brown Prince, and Plunger, then being just in advance of Plunger, Touchet, Orleans, Silvio, and Rob Roy. Then came Gray Friar and Chamant, with Covenanter and Rhidorrock in the rear. Before reaching the mile-post Brown Prince took up the running. At the top of the hill Glen Arthur was leading again. As they came round Tottenham Corner, Glen Arthur, Touchet, Gray Friar, and Silvio on the lower ground were followed by Chamant, Rob Roy, Brown Prince, and Altyre. Here Chamant was beaten, and Silvio took the second place, Rhidorrock, Rob Roy, and Altyre being in advance of Touchet and Brown Prince. As they commenced to rise the hill, a little over one hundred yards from home, Silvio took command, while Rob Roy began to overhaul the leading pair. However, he never got up, and Silvio won by half a length; three-quarters of a length between second and third, Rhidorrock, beaten by a head for a place, was fourth. The remainder followed in the following order: Altyre, Brown Prince, Touchet, Thunderstone, Gray Friar, Chamant, Jagellon, Plunger, Don Carlos, Covenanter, Tantalus. Jockeys and Lady Miller. Time, 2:50. Archer rode the winner.

RENEWAL OF THE DERBY STAKES of 50 sovereigns each, half forfeit, for three-year-old colts, 8st. 10lb., and fillies 8st. 5lb.; the last mile and a half starting at the New Hall Level Starting Post; the owner of the second horse to receive 300 sovereigns and the third 150 sovereigns out of the stakes. (246 subs.)

Lord Falmouth's b. c. Silvio, by Blair Athol out of Silvernair 1

Mr. J. Johnstone's b. c. Glen Arthur, by Adventurer out of Queen of the Glen 2

Mr. J. T. Mackenzie's c. c. Rob Roy, by Blair Athol out of Columba 3

LOUISVILLE JOCKEY CLUB SPRING MEETING.

Two Miles in 3:27 1-2.

The weather on May 28—the sixth and last day of the regular meeting—was so fine as to attract a very large assemblage of visitors. The track was in an splendid order for running, as the fast time made in all of the races of the day proved. The first race was for the Clark Stakes, a dash of two miles, for three-year-olds, $50 subscription, play or pay, with $1,000 added by the club, $200 of which went to the second horse. There were twenty-five subscribers, making the value of the stakes $2,250. The following came to the post: A. Buford's c. c. McWhirter, 100lb; J. T. Williams' b. c. Vera Cruz, 100lb; F. B. Harper's b. f. Hyena, 98lb; and W. Astor's c. c. Baden Baden, 100lb. The last-named colt was sold just prior to the race by Mr. Swigert to Mr. Astor for $12,500. He was a hot favorite, with Vera Cruz selling second choice, and the others as the field. Baden Baden went off with the lead next the inside rails; but at the first turn Vera Cruz lapped him, and the pair ran locked together throughout the first mile in 1:45, McWhirter close on their quarters and Hyena behind. Before the half-mile pole was reached on the second mile, McWhirter had got on even terms with the two leaders; at the three-quarters he had assumed the lead, the favorite shutting up the moment he was pinched, owing to want of condition. When fairly into the homestretch, McWhirter galloped clean away from his pursuers, and at so tremendous a pace that he crossed the score six lengths in front of Vera Cruz in the extraordinary time of 3:30½, being two seconds faster than True Blue and Katie Pease's record at this distance, which previously stood unequaled in turf annals. The winner was bred and is owned by Gen. A. Buford, at Bosque Bonita farm, Midway, Ky., and is by that turfman's stallion Enquirer (a son of Leamington) out of Ontario by Bonnie Scotland. He is engaged in the Kentucky St. Leger in the Fall, the Ohio Derby, and several other good stakes.

The second race was the Members' Plate, value $500, a handicap for all ages, two miles. Four horses came to the post: West's b. c. Courier, 101lb; Alcock's c. c. Glasgow, 90lb; Swigert's br. c. Flying Locust, 95lb; and Lloyd's c. c. Verdigris, 90lb. Courier, although carrying the top-weight, was made the favorite, with Flying Locust second choice. Verdigris made the running throughout the first mile—run in 1:46—and continued to show the way until the half-mile pole was reached on the second mile, Glasgow and Courier alternately occupying second position. At the head of the stretch Verdigris fell back beaten, and a struggle between Courier and Glasgow resulted in Courier winning the race by a neck in 3:31¾, which was only one and a quarter seconds slower than McWhirter's record, made in the previous race. Glasgow was second, three lengths before Flying Locust, and Verdigris beaten away off. Thus, for the second time in one afternoon, was the old two-mile record beaten.

The third race was mile heats for beaten horses, for a purse of $250, horses beaten once allowed 7lb; twice, 12lb; three times, 16lb. Five horses started: Williams' b. h. Fair Play, 102lb; Ewalt's c. f. Emma C., 100lb; Megibben's c. f. Elema, 102lb; Rhodes' b. h. Dusty, 99lb; McMahon's c. g. Kilburn, 95lb; and Buford's b. c. Yelton, 74lb. Emma C. was the favorite, with Yelton second choice. Kilburn, closely attended by Yelton, made the running in the first heat until entering the homestretch, when Emma C. came with a rush, and, after a driving race between the three, Emma C. won the heat by a neck in 1:43¼, Milburn second and Yelton third. Emma C. continued the favorite, but she got off badly, and Kilburn ran lapped with Fair Play to the half-mile pole, where the former quit. Emma C. then came with a wet sail; but her efforts in the first heat told upon her, and, after a game struggle, she was beaten, but by a head only, in 1:42½, Fair Play winning; Kilburn was third, and Dusty fourth. Only Fair Play and Emma C. could start for the third heat, with the former a great favorite. The pair ran head-and-head from start to finish, Fair Play lasting the longer, and winning the heat and the race by half a length in 1:45.

The meeting was brought to a brilliant close on Tuesday, May 29, it being set down for the regular programme, devoted to Ten Broeck's race against time, in which he was to beat the fastest two-mile record then existing. The day was admirably adapted for racing purposes. The attendance was large, and the track, which had been specially prepared for the race against time, was in superb condition. Ten Broeck in this race had to beat the fastest time on record at two miles for one-half the day's gate-receipts; that time, when the arrangement was made by Mr. Harper, the horse's owner, and Mr. Clark, the president of the Louisville Jockey Club, being True Blue's and Katie Pease's similar record of 3:32½, made respectively at Saratoga and Buffalo in 1873. Since that agreement was made, 3:32½ had been beaten, as stated above. But as the pool-sellers had based their odds upon the record in selling pools, it was held that McWhirter's record of 3:30½ must be held as the time-standard, and be beaten for the decision of such bets, although not for the decision of the race itself, in which the record of 3:32½ was to be regarded as the recognized official time to be beaten. The start was a good one, and the track, accompanied by his stable-companions St. Louis and Necy Hale, who were to run with him, his condition and appearance were eagerly scrutinized. Many good judges did not like him, pronouncing him too low in flesh, and he was the favorite against time in the pools at $100 to $50. The timers selected were Capt. W. Coturill of Mobile, Col. Rufus Hunt of New Orleans, and Mr. John Green of Louisville. All the different quarters of the mile course were carefully flagged by G. Blow. The race lay between Lexington and Kilburn, the former winning by three lengths in 2:00. A walk-over for a purse of $250, mile heats, by Crawford's b. h. Grit, was followed by an extra race for a purse of $250, mile and an eighth, which brought out Mahlstick, Grit, Enlight and Bill Saunders. Grit and Mahlstick were the favorites, and the race lay between the pair at the finish, Mahlstick winning by a neck in 1:57. Enlight a bad third.

TROTTING AT WASHINGTON, D. C.—A trotting contest for a purse of $150, for horses that had never beaten three minutes, came off on the Brightwood Park Course May 29. It was won by F. Carter's b. s. Mount Holly in three straight heats, beating Eggleston's b. g. Trump (second) and Jones' b. m. Lady Alma. Time, 2:32, 2:45, 2:45.

NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB GAMES.

Not far from two thousand spectators paid admission to the grounds of the New York Athletic Club on the afternoon of Wednesday, May 30, when the eighth annual Spring meeting was held. The weather, barring a smart shower during the latter part of the afternoon, was just as had been desired. The track, though not in capital order by Jack Goulding and assistants, and the entry-list bore the names of many good men, few of whom failed to turn up when wanted. Taken as a whole, the various events were gone through with in a manner highly creditable to all taking part, while in two or three instances exceptionally good work was done—notably in the half-mile run, in which the victor, Edward Merritt, accomplished the fastest time on record in America. A full return is herewith given:

100yds. run—Heat 1: F. C. Saportas, New York, 1; H. Lauterbach, New York, 2. Won easily; 11sec. Heat 2: R. L. La Montagne, N. Y. A. C., 1; Wm. B. Curtis, N. Y. A. C., 2; 10½sec. *Final heat:* La Montagne, 1; Saportas, 2; Curtis, 3; Lauterbach, 4. Won by two yards; 10 1-5sec.

One mile run—C. Vought, Y. A. C., 1; W. J. Duffy, H. A. C., 2; G. T. Seabury, C. A. C., Boston, 3. Won by six inches; a yard between second and third; 4min. 46sec.

Quarter-mile run—Edward Merritt, N. Y. A. C., 1; E. C. La Montagne, N. Y. A. C., 2; C. P. Ayres, Y. L., 3; S. Salmon, N. Y. A. C., 0; Henry G. Keeler, H. A. C., 0. Won by eight feet; 56½sec.

Seven mile walk—T. H. Armstrong, H. A. C., 1; Wm. Van Riper, New York, 2; F. Buckley, New York, 3. Armstrong's time, 1h. 2min. 46sec.; Van Riper, 1h. 3min. 46sec.; Buckley, 1h. 5min. 23sec.

Running high jump—Oscar L. Richards, N. Y. A. C., 5ft. 3in.; H. Edwards Ficken, N. Y. A. C., 5ft. 3in.; James G. Lathrop, 5ft. 2in.; C. R. Ayres, 4ft. 8in. In jumping off, Richards won.

Putting the shot—H. E. Buermeyer, N. Y. A. C., 36ft.; John McMillan, N. Y. C. C., 34ft. 6in.; C. W. Horton, 31ft. 1½in.; George D. Parmly, P. C. A. A., 30ft. 7in.; James G. Lathrop, U. A. C., 30ft. 3in.

Running broad jump—William T. Livingston, H. A. C., 17ft. 9½in.; James G. Lathrop, U. A. C., 17ft. 4½in.; Isaiah Frazier, Y. C., 16ft. 11in.

Bicycle-jumping—William Irvine, Y. L., 8ft. 6in.; William Weeks, C. C., 8ft. 3in.; Isaiah Frazier, Y. L., 7ft.

Throwing the hammer—George D. Parmly, P. C. A. C., 78ft. 6in.; H. E. Buermeyer, N. Y. A. C., 73ft. 6in.; John McMillan, N. Y. C. C., 71ft. 9½in. William B. Curtis, N. Y. A. C., 70ft. 2½in.

One-mile walk—E. C. Holske, H. A. C., 1; E. C. Koester, H. A. C., 2; R. H. Sayre, New York, 3; Charles M. Shaw, Y. A. C., 4; F. Reeves, New York, 5; George E. Horton, H. A. C., 6; John E. Forbes, New York, 0; J. T. D. West, New York, 0; W. E. Barnes, Harlem, N. Y., 0; H. A. Cohen, New York, 0. Won by 15sec.; 7min. 13sec.

22yds. run—Heat 1: F. C. Saportas, New York, 1; R. L. La Montagne, N. Y. A. C., 2. Won by 6 inches; 23sec. *Heat 2:* E. C. Montagne, N. Y. A. C., 1; J. L. O'Brien, Y. A. C., 2; 23sec. *Final heat:* R. L. La Montagne, 1; F. C. Saportas, 2; J. L. O'Brien, 3; E. C. La Montagne, 4. Won by two inches; a yard between second and third; 24 1-5sec.

Hurdle-race, 120yds.—H. Edwards Ficken, N. Y. A. C., 1; H. C. Beach, P. C. A. A., 2; Oscar L. Richard, N. Y. A. C., 3; Israel Frazier, Y. L., 4. Won by 4ft., a yard between second and third; 19½sec.

Three-mile walk—E. C. Holske, H. A. C., 1; Chas. M. Shaw,

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, must be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, June 4.

LADIES' LIST.

Adams, Lucille
Allen, Mad. (glass-blower)
Arnold, Ella
Barrett, Florence
Bradley, Leonora (2)
Bateman, Alice
Beaumont, Nellie
Bliss, Hattie
Burton, May
Corelli, Blanche
Chapronierre, Lil lian
Courtright, Mrs. Nellie
Carroll, Jennie
Cassell, Fannie (2)
Courtright, Mrs. Julia
Coventry, Julie
Clifford, Emma
Carlisle, Ida
Crabtree, Lotta (2)
Clifton, Blanche
Clifton, Ada
Cameron, Nellie
De Lisle, Louisa (2)
Darling, Bessie
Durand, Kittie
Exel, Hazel
Fielding, Nellie
Fox, Annie
Forrest, Hattie
Graham, Tillie
Gray, Ada
Gray, Adrien
Atkins, C. M.
Ammes, C. S.
Austin, Chas. A.
Carrie, "Sedi"
Allen, Wm. (2)
Ames, Emile
Adams, Jas. R.
Austin, Chas.
Blandowski, Mons.
Beebe, Prof. Warren
Baugh, Thos.
Berger, Ed.
Buckley, Harry
Brown, E. B.
Bailly, Geo.
Benedict, "Lew" (2)
Burton, "Will" C.
Barber & Cunningham
Byron, O. Doud
Butler, C. W.
Brown, W. R. (glass-blower)
Byron, "Charlie"
Buckley, Harry
Bailey, G. (late of Athen., Boston)
Brewster & Walton
Blitz, Eugene
Bouclicault, Dion
Bloodgood, Harry
Bilkman, W. S.
Brown, J. (of Kendall's Co.) (2
Blaisdell, W. H.
Bowers, Geo. V.
Calder, Wm. (minstrel)
Castello, G. H.
Curlett, Kuff
Campbell, Robt. C.
Cummings, Jas. H.
Colids, Jos. H.
Clark Bros. ("Mus. Mokes")
Converse, F. B.
Caywood, Chas. C.
Callender, Chas.
Carlisle, Harry M.
Courtright, "Bill y" (2)
Conway, "Neil"
Crabtree, Wm.
Chapman, H. C.
Crocker, Chas. M.
Chatfield, Chas.
Coburn, F. F.
Clark, Jas. W. (2)
Collins, C. H.
Curtis, F. J.
Crosby, Wm.
Clifford, John
Delano, "Jimmy"
Delaney, Jas. S.
De Bar, "Ben"
Dade, Thomas
Duprez, C. H.
Denier, "Tony (2)
Darton, Robt.
Devere, M. (stage-manag.)
Daily, Robt.
Dixon, Jos.
Delaney & Buck
Drew, Chas. H.
Davey, T. W.
Daly, M. C.
Daughin, Jos.
Davis, "Lew" H.
Eddy, William, agent
Eberhardt, "Ned"
Emidy, R. S.
Eunice, W.
Fields, Wm.
Foote, Jr., Wm.
Filkins, Col. Robt.
Field, F. R.
Frayne, Frank I. (2)
Fox, Wm. (comique)
Foote, Wm. (of N. O. Minst.)
Foreman, John
Fuller, Chas. (musician)
Frohman, Dan.
Freeman, Chas.
Fox, J. E. (of Dup. & Ben. Minst.) (2)
Fields, "Billy" (variety "biz")
Fritz, Rolando
Fish, F. (of Petrie & Fish)
Fay, Fernando
Franklin, W. E.
Foster, A. J.
Fredrickson, Mr.
Gotthold, F. & C.
Gordon, Mr. (with "Sacred Ox")
Griffin, Thos F.
Gerson, Edmond
Gerry, D. S.

GUY, Mamie
Gayton, Zoe
Goodall, Rosa
Herbert, Emilie
Harvey, Kate
Harland, Rose
Heslep, Grace
Howell, Mrs. Fannie
Huzzey, Mrs. Johannah
Hastings, Alice
Hamilton, Sadie
Isaacs, Ada
Ifred, Belle
Kingsley, Carrie
King, Bessie
Love, Ella (2)
Little, Jennie
Leach, Gussie (2)
Lucille, Fannie
Lesslie, Kate
Mulvey, Lizzie
McAlister, Phosa
Marshall, May
McKean, Gabriella
Morgan, Jennie
Malion, Mrs. Katie
Mayo, Edna
McDermott, Stella
Miller, Mrs. A.
Morrell, Fannie (of Soldene's Co.)
Morton, Alma
Norwood, May L.
Newman sisters
Putnam, Katie
Phillips, Emma F.

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Gibson & Birney
Guick, Jas. T.
Graham, Thos. G.
Goss, "Sedi"
Grover, Leonard
Gibbons & McKee
Guy, Geo.
Hales, J. H.
Huebner, F. C.
Huppanann, Chas.
Haley, P. (of Haley & Weaver)
Hindee, C.
Heenee, C. "Eddie"
Hadleigh, Wm.
Heinrich, F. (of Duprez & Ben. Minst.)
Henry, Hiren
Henderson, A. ("Kollan Qut.")
Hedges, Thos.
Hoffman, Dr. H.
Hensley, "Al"
Height, "Bob" (4)
Harris, F. D. (2)
Hedges, L. (of Howe's Cir.)
Hunting, E. (of Willard & Hunt.)
Hughes, "Archie"
Hague, J. W.
Howard, "Sam" (comed.)
Holden, F. (violinist)
Hammond, John
Ince, Jno E.
"Japanese Tom my"
Jordan, Geo. (of Kendall's Co.)
Kendall, H. A.
King, F. (scenic artist)
King, B. (of King & Cameron)
Kelpsen, Edwin C.
Kent, Frank
Kunkle, Geo.
Kopp, S.
King, Harry C.
Levino, "Dolph" (2)
Leopold, Geo.
Leach, Thos.
Lamkins, Harry
Lavake, "Will"
Leach, Phineas
Ledwith, M.
Laine, J. H.
Levino Bros.
Lucas, S. (with Hyer Sist.)
Leavitt, M. B.
Leland, "Sam" (2)
Le Clair, "Shed"
Le Clair, Thos. ("biz")
Maguire, F. (of "Texas Jack" Co.)
Murphy, Jos.
Morosco, Dick
Macart, Fred.
Miller, A. O.
Morrison, "Lew"
MacKenzie, Archie (2)
Mack, "Bob"
Thompson, Jas.
Taylecure, C. W.
Thompson, "Den"
Trewolla, A. F.
Thatcher & Hume
Tilney, Frank
Vernon, Harry
Vere, Geo. W.
Vanderbilt, Frank
Wilson, John
White, "Archie"
Webb, Alfred
Wiggins, Thos. A.
Weltzien, Chas.
Wiggins, E. W.
Whitin, Hugo
Winnett, "Tom"
Wiley, L. H.
Weaver, Mr. (of Weaver Bros.)
Watson, "manfish")
Williams, "Gus"
Wambold, Ned
Wells, Chas. B.
Ward, W. H.
Wells, Chas. (actor) (2)
Wells, H. C.
Wheeler, A. J.
Walters, Geo.
Werner, "Ned"
Ward, D. (of Miller's Dram. Co.)
Young, Chas. W.
Nugent, J. E.
Newman, H. (of "Callender's Minst.") (2)
Nall, A. M.
Nelson, Frank
Newcomb, "Bobby"
Orrin, Geo. W.
Pash, "Billy"
Peakes, Jas.
Pike, Maurice
Primrose, H. H.
Perry, Jno. M.
Pastor, "Tony"
Pettit, C. W.
Page, Henry (contortionist)
Roberts, "Sam"
Redmond, Jos. R.
Rice, "Eddie"
Robinson, O. S.
Russell, J. (of Russell Bros.)
Robinson, Harry
Ryan, T. J. (of Kelly & Ryan) (2)
Roberts, "Nick"
King, Prof.
Rus. C. (of Robinson's R. R.)
Rooney, "Pat"
Revolti, Sig. (2)
Robinson, Barr
Rulin, Wm.
Robinson, C. M.
Ricardo, Mr.
Sutson, Harry
Sharpley's, The
Somers & Kirk
Smith, Jno. (song and dance)
Smart, M. (agent)
Stetson, E. T. (faker)
Seigrist, August
Stevens, Rich.
Schofield, J. C.
Smith, J. R.
Spindler, G. H.
Sobey, Edwin C.
Stanley, Ernest (3)
Spriggs, Harry
Shaw, August
Southwick, M. F. (2)
Sothern, E. A.
Showles, J. J. (of Forest & Cir.) (2)
Swonsbourne, C. H.
Showers, "Andy"
Smith, Shirley
Sprague, Z. W.
Sands, Mr. (of Keating & Sands)
Sullivan, John
Spaulding, W. F.
Smith, J. P.
Simmons, "Lew"
Sadler, T. (of Robinson's Minst.)
Sprague, D. D.
St. Leon, W. T. M
Sully, "Dan"
Shaw, "Gus"
Swartz, Alonzo
Tracy, "Dan"
Turner, J. B.
Thomas, D. S.
Toole, R. M. &c.
Thompson, Wm. J.
Taylecure, C. W.
Thompson, "Den"
Trewolla, A. F.
Thatcher & Hume
Tilney, Frank
Vernon, Harry
Vere, Geo. W.
Vanderbilt, Frank
Wilson, John
White, "Archie"
Webb, Alfred
Wiggins, Thos. A.
Weltzien, Chas.
Wiggins, E. W.
Whitin, Hugo
Winnett, "Tom"
Wiley, L. H.
Weaver, Mr. (of Weaver Bros.)
Watson, "manfish")
Williams, "Gus"
Wambold, Ned
Wells, Chas. B.
Ward, W. H.
Wells, Chas. (actor) (2)
Wells, H. C.
Wheeler, A. J.
Walters, Geo.
Werner, "Ned"
Ward, D. (of Miller's Dram. Co.)
Young, Chas. W.
Nugent, J. E.

THERE are LETTERS in the Detroit (Mich.) Post-office for Wm. Foote, Jr., H. Schumann, C. D. Bainbridge, Edwin Shuratt, and Annie Folden.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, June 4, '77.

Having decorated the graves of the heroes who sank to rest where brother met brother in hostile array on the field of battle, having watered with our tears the lowly mound which marks the last abiding-place of the dead soldier, and having had sad memories brought to light by the scenes and incidents attending the ceremonies of Decoration Day, it is but proper that we turn from the solemnities of the occasion, and greet the lovely month of June, with its wealth of roses, its bowers of living green, its balmy atmosphere, its free and vivifying sunshine, and its ever-memorable June bugs, and ever-recurring caterpillars and never-handling grasshoppers. How thankful we should feel for all these blessings, and with what calm delight and sweet peace we should regard all these natural beauties, and the opportunity given us for their enjoyment! Some human hairplins affect a holy horror when, while they are climbing upon the emerald sward, an industrious potato-bug waltzes over their recumbent forms, and the merry hop-frog makes music in their ears throughout the livelong day. Such people should be sentenced to ten years' solitary confinement, with privilege of renewal at the end of that term, if the country was as much wet as it is since as far we should love it still. We love to lie beneath the umbrageous foliage of some mighty monarch of the forest, with the purling stream a-purling at our feet, and the scintillations of the glorious orb of day penetrating through the interstices of lowering leaves, and illuminating with their kindly beams the lily and the rose, the buttercup and the pansy, and diffusing one thing or another on all surrounding objects, animate and inanimate; and as we gaze with uplifted eyes and drink in the gorgeous scene, what a precious boon it is to listen to the roundelays of the bull-toad, the musical chirping of the cricket, and, the many-voiced melanges of insect-life, which combine to make this earth a paradise supernal! In this solitude we breathe the pure air of heaven; we imbibe the mountain-dew in its unadulterated simplicity; and we live a newer and a better life. In such a scene, amid the cares of busy strife, amid the roaring of the humming-bee, the bounding of the jumping-frog, and the delightful hooting of the noonday owl, we could breathe our life out sweetly there. And yet even this beautiful retreat has its objectionable features. Here, in this wild desolation, the voice of the clam-man never penetrates, the soothing fancies of the midday lunch are strangers to the soil, and sordid hunger, with all its attendant horrors, distresses the soul, fills the heart with anguish, and destroys every romantic idea within this mortal frame. Yes, we love the country, but we love our victuals the more. Like mewling pigs, who flourish not in barren wastes, we, too, learn to know that "the *pen* is mightier than the *sword*!".....Massachusetts is an odd sort of a place—it always prides itself on some phenomenal discovery. Its latest self-glorification is founded on a small boy in New Bedford, who ate five large squash-pies at one sitting. With this boy at one end of the sideshow, Charley Ross at the other, and Barnum to do the middle-business, such a combination would sweep the country like a maelstrom. New Bedford has cause to be proud of her squash-eating scion of the house of Fish. Speaking about the sideshow traveling by boat, we crave your kind indulgence while we indite a few choice lines about

THE DIFFERENCE.

A boat and a sideshow both differ—indeed,
It may have been noticed before—
For one gets along through *the blade of the oar*,
And one through *the aid of the "blower"*.

.....We never before felt so sorry for a poor player as we felt for our dear George Bignold on Thursday afternoon last, when, for his own benefit, mind you, he was put to the rack and tortured by five live Juliets, and no Romeo but himself. How he survived it, how he escaped the deep damnation of his taking-off by these female furies, is something calculated to harrow up the soul, and make us wonder at what limit the sufferings of man may end! First, Fanny Davenport went for him, and the way she flew her lovely kite filled us with awe, and yet the object of her fulminations escaped scatheless. Then Fanny gave him another whack which nearly sent him on his beam-ends—making a black-and-blue eye for him. [A neat little bit of wax-work.—ED.] Then Ada Dyas squared for him. Seeing which the truthful George said he'd as leave *Dyas* live! [More comical eccentricities.—ED.] Barely escaping with his life, Romeo sought the friendly shelter of a mossy bank, where he was boldly confronted by Maud Granger—a maid—a wonder—a soldier leaned upon his sword and wiped away a tear"—it was enough to make an unbeliever cry! But, like the late lamented Mr. Macbeth, G. Bignold, Esq., bore a charmed life, as it were, and he cast her off like he would brush away "a bluetailed fly that scratched his eye with a briar"! Then Marie Wainwright, right vain of her brief career, sailed in, but useless all—he stood there like Ajax defying the lightning, and, though she thundered in his ears like the din of battle, he shook her dead. This was a terrible ordeal, though, and it embittered his life, and made him sigh for a revivifying "schooner;" but drops of water will wear away a stone, and so it proved with the redoubtable Romeo. To escape the persecutions of these she-devils [This is not meant for sarcasm, but is a sort of slur at the women's-rights disciples, who are ruling the land with a rod of iron.—ED.], he got him to a Tombery, with Minnie Cummings and Wainwright again on hand to make his journey to the silent land anything but a pleasure excursion. And in that condition he died, with but a single one of that "galaxy of talent" to soothe his declining years, smooth his pillow, and let him cut the brittle thread of life upon her womanly breast. When we saw to what a frightful state they had reduced this stalwart hero-lover, when we beheld his corpse a-lying on the cold, cold ground, we felt like putting a new head on each and every one of his female detractors, to such a spirit of revenge were we incited by the soul-stirring scenes we had witnessed! But it was in the privacy of our chamber we suffered most. Throwing our form upon a three-ply corn-stalk mattress, we thought it all over, and wondered at the management of Booth's Theatre permitting such an outrage. We shed more tears that night than would float one of our new vessels of war shortly to be built, if Congress will make the necessary appropriations—tears that would reflect no discredit on those discoursed by the placid crocodiles at the various sources and resources of the Nile. Ah! But let us pause in our vindictiveness, and proceed to the merciless mangling of

MANY JULIETS.

Five Juliets in a single night!
This thought we cannot smother:
That they with pleasure would have laughed
Could they have used the deadly draught
To finish one another!

.....No, Jimmy, "Our Fan" does not own shares in the Fifth-avenue Theatre, that we are aware of, although she was *the principal in "Vesta" there!* [Thanks, kind friends—reserve your plaudits for Benny Button and Jimmy Blaine, who will soon "speak a piece" in unison.—ED.].....Those enterprising papers, which, when news of Titiens' illness reached here, made up their obituaries and put them in type, ought to hide their heads, seeing that she failed to shuffle off that mortal coil, etc.....It is said that a number of actors who are disengaged at present aspire to be Pashas or Grand Viziers in Turkey. Psha! Such ambition does not meet with our approval. Wages in the army there are very low—dollar or two a month, we believe—and no Spring chickens or youthful lambs included in the rations. Better perish at home, than to die unhonored, unsung, in a pauper's grave abroad.....And here we have a word to say to actors only—you can't *open* with a manager until you have *closed* with him! [No levity, James: this is *no* joke.—ED.].....The new play at the New Broadway Theatre, last week, did not take very well, because it was "Unknown." This was the *title* of the play, as the learned reader has, no doubt, divined.—ED.].....Out of a spirit of alleged economy, we have discarded music in our funeral-processions; but westward the star of empire wends its way, and in Nevada no buryin' is considered the cheese without a brass band. This is rough on the New York mourners.....Let the Weathers be fair or fickle, the fair Eliza Weathers by makes us a periodical visit, and gives us an opportunity to look in her eyes and admire the symmetrical points of her "statuesque" perfection. This reference to an actress in an Eve-angel line induces poetic thoughts on

"EVANGELINE"—FIFTH-AVENUE.

"Evangeline" is Nilsson,
And bangs amid her court
The luscious-limbed Eliza
Miss Weathersby, in short).
A chain of sprightly measures.
'Tis said, adorn the play,
While Goodwin does the business
In quite a NOVEL way.

.....An enthusiastic writer of advertisements for one of our city shows announced in the dailies that "an immense audience had been completely carried away." This beats Charley Ross; for, while there was only one of him abducted, here'a a whole houseful carried off!.....When I was a child, that in "Vesta" Miss Fanny Davenport would "create a *novel* character," our book-publishers got wild as to which of them should publish the work. Say nothing about it, though.....The Plymouth Rock is once more on her native heath; leastwise she made her the season—the seas on—Sunday, May 27, with a musical entertainment thrown in. Isn't it funny to call those juvenile singers the Madri-*gal boys?* [We notice all such singular incongruities; and when we have given them publicity, then *all* the funny papers join in. Funny little bits that we invented one year ago expressly for THE NEW YORK CLIPPER are now coming to life again through the skillful manipulations of our jovial contemporaries.—ED.].....Those of our religious friends who mistakingly suppose Tony Pastor to be a regular dispenser of pious truth, and go to see and hear him in the grand rounds of the provinces, are not so displeased as you might suppose after they have been enlightened as to the truth, because Antonio gives a good show and practices what he preaches. It would be well if *all* pastors did likewise.....He is a good and careful actor, and Augustin Daly did well when he gave our advice, and concluded to *keep Wardie, and watch over him!*, and We are glad that the lost arms of Milo's Venus have been found; how Venus got along without them all this time gave us great concern, although it would have been much worse had it been the feet that were lost or stolen. Venus made love to a no-armed woman in a sideshow, but it didn't work right. Our affection was not reciprocated. When we threw our arms around her neck in a loving embrace, there was no response—she sat there like Poe's raven on the bust of Pallas. Her business was a one-sided failure, and we stopped going there. We are pleased to see so happy over the reported discovery of the arms of Venus! No woman is complete without arms.....When people talk of Nellson's "superb stage presence," do they refer to the floral offerings she receives?.....Let's get up a baby-show! We never saw so many infantile prodigies as at present; they seem to grow wild all around us! What if our unbridled wickedness should induce the passage of a law to drown all unlicensed children found running at large! Gracious!.....A Germantown girl is making heads out of butter, for exhibition. Considering the high price of *good* butter, we cannot refrain from having moments of sadness when we ruminate on the *exodus* of life. At other times we can enjoy a delightful reverie of ecstatic joy when we come to consider other *"exists of life"*—of sweet sixteen and upwards. My!.....When we kindly and unselfishly treated a stage-doorkeeper to a schooner of beer, a few evenings ago, *he* didn't know that it was done with that intent, but he got from us some of the secrets of the stage. As "she" said, when we subsequently asked her if we should call again—we are "just *awful*".....We're getting to be rather lonesome here in New York, now that so many of our places of amusement are closed. And what makes things worse, the darkies don't even give us as many free strawberry-festivals as they used to. And what's the matter with the balloons? We haven't had an ascension since Dixie, Jones & Able "went up" for half a million. Why, we'll all go to sleep if we don't have *some* recreation. How would a free ice-cream freeze-out do?.....And here we are, without a Church and Stage go together—run in double harness. No sooner do the theatres shut up for the Summer than the pious temples "hop along too."..... We could keep right on and talk you to death, but the foreman says he's "full again." We're glad Frank Murphy, the temperance man, is coming.

CITY SUMMARY.

TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE was occupied last week by Scanlon, Cronin, Granger & Wambold's Combination, which gave an attractive entertainment and drew good-sized audiences for the season of the year. The entertainments opened with a sketch entitled "Hard Cheek," and Scanlon, Cronin and A. Henderson, followed by George Harris, who sang motto-songs quite acceptably; the McDermott Sisters, who appeared to good advantage in songs-and-dances and jigs; Ned and Willie Ainsley in their Ethiopian specialties, making a hit; a minstrel first-part by the Zolida Quartet, including Frank White sang "Speak, Only Speak," Ned Wambold "By-bye," Al. Henderson "Eileen Mavourneen," Tom Granger "Where's Rosanna Gone?" Charles Campbell "Where the Whip-poor will is Calling," and for the finale "The Burlesque Circus;" Jennie Yeamans, a local favorite, who is rapidly improving in stature, gave songs-and-dances, and a song to the refrain of which she played an accompaniment on the snare-drum. She was warmly applauded, and several times recalled. Scanlon and Cronin performed their well-known sketch called "Life in a Tenement-house;" White, Henderson, Campbell and Green as "The Ham-town Students," created much merriment. Miss Nellie St. John sang ballads, Little Master Dunn was seen in songs-and-dances, and the principal male members of the company appeared in the closing sketch, called "Boyhood's Days."

PERE.—While an audience was witnessing a private magical performance given by Messrs. Gregory and Steele in the Twenty-third-street Theatre, formerly Bryant's, on the night of May 30, there was an alarm of fire, the audience became much excited, and but for the united efforts of the performers a panic would have ensued. These gentlemen at length succeeded in restoring quiet, and the entertainment proceeded.

MR. AND MRS. G. W. MOORE sailed for England in the steamship Bothnia May 30.

ROBERT HELLER closed his season at his Wonder Theatre with the performances of May 31. Mr. and Miss Heller and Stanley Dust, business-manager, are to leave for San Francisco, Cal., June 4.

JOHN T. RAYMOND is to act Col. Sellers at the Grand Opera-house during the present week, under the management of Poole & Donnelly, who have reconsidered their decision not to reopen that theatre during the Summer. Mr. Raymond will be supported by the company lately performing at the Park Theatre.

E. A. EBERLE left town May 30 for Red Rock, Pa., we believe, where he will pass the Summer. Stanley Fiske does not leave New Orleans, La., this Summer, with Charles Coghlan.

MR. AND MRS. J. L. CARHART, who traveled the past season with the company supporting Mrs. Chanfrau, arrived in town the past week.

JULIET FOR A PRICE.—One of the debutantes who appeared at Booth's Theatre during the recent very brief season is said to have paid $1,000 for the privilege of acting Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet;" while the other, we are told, was accorded the same privilege for $500. Is this so?

LEONARD GROVER is in town on a flying visit, and will return to Chicago, Ill., in a few days.

MUSICAL NOTES.—Count Pierre Loredano, an Italian pianist, who has been in Brazil for the past few years, gave a recital at Steinway Hall on May 28. He developed the fact that he was an experienced and cultivated musician and a skillful performer.....Sig. Moderati, at his concert at Chickering Hall May 28, besides his pupils, had the assistance of Miss Annie Berry, Miss Palmer, Miss Kate Scott, Miss Schwarzwalder, Mme. Vatable, Messrs. F. Oudin, Gottschalk, Romeyn, Vatable, Werner, Agramonte and Dr. Damainville.... The Mendelssohn Glee Club on Thursday evening gave an entertainment at Chickering Hall, as a testimonial to their retiring president, Mr. H. Howland. The society, Mrs. Ellis and W. C. Baird were the vocalists, with S. B. Mills, who gave piano selections.....Mrs. Phillip D. Gulager, the soprano-vocalist at St. Thomas' Church, this city, died here May 29 of peritonitis. Mrs. Gulager, who was a well-known concert-singer, and possessed of an excellent soprano voice, Mr. H. among the best of our local interpreters of sacred music. She was born in Detroit, Mich., and was formerly known as Miss Carrie Brooks, daughter of Col. Edward Brooks of that city.

THE SEASON at Booth's Theatre closed June 2. It was a failure.

EDWIN KELLY and "the only" Leon arrived in town June 4.

MRS. CHANFRAU, on her return home from her traveling season, May 28, was surprised to find awaiting her, at the Long Branch depot, a new carriage and a team of horses, a birthday-gift from her husband.

MR. AND MRS. FRANK I. FRAYNE and the Kentucky Rifle-team will commence the Fall and Winter season about Sept. 10. The team includes Mr. and Mrs. Frayne, Master Frankie Frayne, Jas. M. Butler, Robt. E. Frayne and the performing dog Jack. They will perform in "81 Slocum," and announce that they will introduce many new effects. They also have handsome printing. Communications can be directed to their business-manager, Chas. A. Wing, as per card. Mr. and Mrs. Frayne are to spend the Summer at their country-house near Pottstown, Pa.

TRACY TITUS, manager of Salsbury's Troubadours, was to have sailed from San Francisco, Cal., May 22, for Australia.

R. J. JOHNSTON'S New York Theatre Company, A. A. Wilder agent, performed in Coaticooke, Canada, May 30, 31, Derby Line, Vt., June 1, 2, 4, and is billed in Newport 5, Barton Landing 7, 8.

FRANK MORDAUNT will, for the third year, lead the business of Manager Tayleure's Dramatic Company next season.

BUFFALO BILL, supported by Captain Jack and the company of the Bush-street Theatre, San Francisco, has been so successful in his California engagement that the contract for three weeks has been extended to six. Extracts from the local press published elsewhere give a flattering account of his reception in San Francisco. His combination will start on its sixth annual tour in September.

MME. R. NEUVILLE advertises a heavy domestic drama for sale for $200.

THE AGNES WALLACE-VILLA COMBINATION announce that their time is being rapidly filled up for the coming season.

PARTIES desiring to adopt the stage as a profession are referred to John F. Ryan & Co.'s card.

ABBIE HAMPDEN, formerly a slave, who impersonates Topsy in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," can be engaged by addressing A. D. Sawyer, as per card.

WILDMAN'S OPERA-HOUSE, Edenburg, Pa., opened on May 28 with "The Colleen Bawn." Mr. Wildman plays Milton Nobles over the oil circuit one week, commencing June 11; Bessie Darling two weeks, commencing 18. Business is reported good.

AMATEUR advertises for a copy of "Belles of the Kitchen" and "Fun in a Fog," as played by the Vokes Family.

EDWARD BARRETT, comedian, requests the person who mailed a letter to him in Cleveland, O., to write again.

JOHN BROUGHAM, the veteran actor, manager and playwright, is about making a farewell tour, prior to his retirement from the stage. Mr. Brougham will appear in two of his own new plays—"Slander" and "Good-bye"—and will be supported by a company of metropolitan artists. Managers desiring to arrange dates are requested to address Morris Simmonds, dramatic agent.

JOHN C. COWPER, professor of elocution and late leading man at the Globe Theatre, Boston, publishes a card stating that he has opened a school in Chelsea, Mass., for the education and practice of ladies and gentlemen desiring to adopt the dramatic profession. He gives instruction in elocution to public speakers.

ROSE EYTINGE, supported by Lewis Morrison's Dramatic Company, will appear in Indianapolis, Ind., June 4, 5, Terre Haute 6, Lafayette 7, Fort Wayne 8, Jackson, Mich., 9, Saginaw 11, Grand Rapids 12, 13, Milwaukee, Wis., 14, 15, 16. George S. Sydney, late of Wallace Sisters' Company, is the advance-agent.

STEPHEN RUSH is engaged in designing plans for the rebuilding of Fox's American Theatre, Philadelphia, work on the same to commence about the middle of June, and it is probable that the theatre will be reopened some time in September next. It will be rebuilt with an enlarged stage, and with three tiers instead of four.

MISS FLORENCE WOOD, an excellent soubrette actress, who is to exchange her place at the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, for a position at the Boston Museum, was the recipient of a farewell benefit at the Philadelphia Museum May 28, appearing as Polly Eccles in "Caste" and Nan in "The Good-for-nothing."

LOTTA and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Walcot will visit Europe shortly.

MISS ANNIE WARD TIFFANY commenced a week's engagement at the Philadelphia Museum May 28, appearing in her emotional play entitled "Faith, or a Mother's Devotion." Miss Emily E. Baker had a benefit at this establishment May 31, when "Flowers of the Forest" was produced.

THE ARCH-STREET THEATRE, Philadelphia, will be reopened June 14, the occasion of the annual benefit of John J. Holmes and Fred. Trefts, when the comedy of "The Wonder, or A Woman Keeps a Secret," will be presented with a strong cast, including Mrs. John Drew. The regular Fall and Winter season at this theatre will commence about the middle of August, the opening attraction being "The Danichefs." C. R. Gardiner will remain next season as business-manager.

AT THE WALNUT-STREET THEATRE, Philadelphia, the Summer season is in progress. The attractions of the current week, John A. Lane, C. M. Southwell, A. R. Bradshaw and Miss Helen Houghton being the respective beneficiaries. Miss Maude Granger, supported by Atkins Lawrence, will appear here three nights, commencing June 7. "The Prophet King" is announced as being in preparation for the Summer season. The regular season here commences Aug. 14.

AT THE CHESTNUT-STREET THEATRE, Philadelphia, the Summer season was inaugurated May 28, by the performance of "Everybody's Friend," and a musical sketch condensed from the farce of "Fenny Lind." Charles Stedman, who is now representative of Major Wellington De Boots, and Miss Nannie Harold, Wm. H. Fitzgerald and Philip J. Buch afforded frequent proof of their musical ability in the concluding musical sketch, "Jenny Lind," the excellent vocalization of Miss Nannie Harold being fully appreciated. The programme for the rest of the week was varied—Married Life," "Caste," and "Blow for Blow"—Chas. Stanley being the stellar attraction. The theatre remains closed during the current week. The regular Fall and Winter season will commence Sept. 17.

GEORGE HOLLAND had his farewell benefit in Philadelphia on the afternoon and evening of June 1, at the Museum, in that city. Mr. Holland has been a member of the company at the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, for the past two seasons, and that company all volunteered for his benefit, as also did Miss Annie Ward Tiffany. Miss Josephine Baker and E. M. Holland. The afternoon's programme consisted of "The Rough Diamond," "Forty and Fifty" and "The Secret," with vocalism by Miss Lillian Conway and a recitation by Miss Annie Ward Tiffany. In the evening "Caste" and "A Pretty Piece of Business" constituted the programme.

JOHN DILLON and a company performed "Lemons" at St. Paul, Minn., May 31, June 1, 2, and are billed in Hudson 4, River Falls 5, Menominee, Wis., 6, Chippewa Falls 7, Eau Claire 8. The season is to close July 4. Mr. Dillon is to travel next season under the management of Stoddart & Frohman.

MCVICKER'S THEATRE, Chicago, Ill., May 28, was graced with a brilliant and responsive assemblage, the occasion being the revival of Leonard Grover's play "Our Boarding-house," which was first acted at Haverly's Theatre, in this city, Aug. 15 last. The verdict then given has been reaffirmed with an emphasis of greater favor by its friends. The reproduction of the play has transpired under auspices more favorable than those that characterized its first appearance, enjoying as it does an exceptionally strong cast, and having been put upon the stage in a neat and effective style. The success of Rankin, Crane, Robson and Little was unanimous, fully justifying the spontaneous welcome with which they were hailed by the audience. McKee Rankin's Fioretti was an artistic performance, richly deserving the hearty applause with which it was greeted. Mr. Strong, who was substituted for Mr. Sullivan, proved an acceptable Mr. Elliott, and Miss Virginia Buchanan as the new boarder was clever. Minnie Doyle as Violet Eligible and Mrs. Smith as the Boardinghouse-keeper were quite equal to the requirements of their parts, while the remaining characters were well sustained. The play will be continued another week.....At Haverly's Theatre, Miss Kate Claxton has been starred by the Olympic stock company from St. Louis, presented "The Two Orphans" to good houses. Miss Claxton acted Louise with all her old-time sympathetic tenderness. She was very ably seconded in the support afforded by Miss Rose Osborne as Henriette, Marian P. Clifton as Frochard, Miss Margaret Claxton as Marianne, L. F. Rand as Jacques, L. R. Warwick as Pierre, Miss Mary Madden as the Countess. The minor parts were well taken. Next (this) week Den Thompson in "Joshua Whitcomb," supported by members of McVicker's stock company. Letter of June 2.

FROM WASHINGTON, D. C., under date of June 3, our correspondent wrote as follows: "The annual benefit of H. Clay Ford, manager of the National Theatre, May 29, was a success. Every seat in the house was occupied. The play selected was "Musette," with Lotta in the title-role. She was ably supported by Mr. Marie Wilkesley and Milnes Levick, Mrs. Germon, and other members of Manager Ford's company. The present year seems to be a prolific one in debutantes in the role of Juliet; and Washington, not to be outdone by sister cities, presented for the first time on any stage, at the National, May 31, Miss Anna Boyle, a young miss of this city, aged 14 years. Much had been said in the daily and local papers of this city of the precocity this young girl displayed in private representations of this much-acted character of Juliet. A host of influential friends combined to secure an introduction to the critical public, and they were heartily seconded by Manager Ford, who tendered the use of his theatre. The house was crowded on the occasion, and never was an audience more agreeably surprised. Miss Boyle performed the exacting role successfully, showing wonderful capacity, not only in single passages, like the balcony scene, but with steady increase of power, up to the climax of the tragedy. She possesses a musical, liquid voice, but not strong enough yet to fill satisfactorily a large theatre. Her enunciation is clear and distinct, and shows careful training. She has a pleasing face and graceful movements. Her figure is yet undeveloped, but gives promise of a beautiful womanhood. She was dressed elegantly and in good taste, and displayed much knowledge of stage-business for one almost a stranger to theatrical representations. It seemed scarcely possible that a young girl barely fourteen years of age could have performed so successfully the trying role. With a few years of study and proper training, her friends predict for her a leading place in our list of great actors. Walter Treville was the Romeo, his first attempt in the role, in which he was fairly successful. Mr. Treville was heartily applauded for his clever rendition of the part of Mercutio. The remainder of the cast was filled by members of Manager Ford's company, who volunteered for the occasion. Miss Boyle's debut has been the sensation of the theatrical season in this city."

KITTY WARTLAND, song-and-dance, jig and character artist, will rest until September at Hot Springs, Ark., where managers can address.

EDNA MARKLEY is referred to Mrs. Bunge's card.

LADY PERFORMERS are wanted at the Coliseum Varieties, Newark, N. J. See advertisement.

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DRAMATIC.

CHARLES E. FORD, business-manager and son of John T. Ford of the Grand Opera-house, Baltimore, Md., was the recipient of a complimentary benefit May 28, on which occasion Lotta appeared in "Musette," assisted by Milnes Levick as Adalanta, Rosa Rand as Maud, Chas. W. Butler as William A. Bokus, E. F. Kingsley as Sir Hugh Tracy, W. H. Burton as Philip Darcy, Edwin Varrey as Squire Bokus, Geo. Denham as Timothy Tilters, Marie Wellesley as Angela Darcy, and Mrs. Germon as Selina Bokus. The audience was large. Advices of June 2.

AT THE BOSTON (MASS.) THEATRE "The Danichefs" held the stage all the week, drawing large audiences. On Thursday afternoon Miss Sara Jewett played Juliet for her benefit to a very light attendance. The support of the company was excellent, J. O'Neill's Romeo being one of the best performances of that character that our stage has seen for a long time. L. L. James' Mercutio was also very fine. The Aimee Opera Troupe begins a two weeks' engagement June 4.....At the Boston Museum "Our Boarding-house" was given all the week, except Saturday evening, when the season closed with a benefit to Charles Barron, the leg comedian of that establishment. "Bid Oats" and "Bamboozling." Alice Oates' Comic-opera Troupe to inaugurate the Summer season June 4, opening with "Mme. Angot's Daughter." Letter of June 2.

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN," produced by the stock company and the Salvin Georgia Cabin Singers, held the boards at the Opera-house, Rochester, N. Y., during the past week. Business fair.

MAUDE BEVERLY of the Helen D'Este Troupe is reported ill with typhoid fever in Opelousas, La.

"VESTA," a tragedy in five acts, adapted to the American stage from the French of M. Parodi by Augustin Daly, was produced at the Fifth-avenue Theatre May 29, and was acted during the week with the following cast: Posthumia, Miss Fanny Davenport; Opimia, Miss Jeffreys Lewis; Septia, Mrs. G. H. Gilbert; Junia, Miss M. Chester;

Ward's Opera- June 2 to poor s attractive, but n a match for of the company n and Mlle. Oc- ncon, Coliseum, erson; Ivy and Amelia Clark, lldide. Mr. Scott 7, and Manager e Metropolitan and-dances, vers in musical losures June 2; J. Walton and Brothers, Pater- Gray, Mullen Harry Osborne ren Sisters and Officer Kirwan dutly June 14, he 16th the sea- alterations, re- ....At Bolsser's May 28 were cer; Henrietta g; Ed. Banker ace; and Tony tirginia Marsh- ppointed. De- lara King and and John H. commence 4; lair. Business e and cool and iseum the new Buerkel, vocal- Closing 2: Mc- acker going to lamsburg; and l for 4: Charles orrell, Lou Ed- larry Greacon, dart's Company house 12. Let-

is, Mo., gave a encing May 27. gs-and-dances. the horizontal- pplauded. Mr. George Liable in ssful. Edna Orr illy Wylie sang stories. Mons. r, pine chairs, l, "Forbidden ace," with W. ending roles, Avery, W. N. J. O. Hall, and open 3: Fabra, day Brothers., and May 31.

DENCE to June 1 w Opera-house last in the pres- building. The facture of "The T. W. Hanshew Rosa Howland n, in ventrilo- and Homer and then came the ace Sisters, sup- company; the excellent gym- e Howland Sis- Clifton's con- aggie Fielding, the Rixfords, andle Brothers hos. Chapman g pantomime, ector." Mons. rrell open here will be pro- n the title-role. rs, will have a

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MACKIN, WILSON, SUTTON & BERNARDO'S MINSTRELS showed in Sedalia, Mo., May 30, going thence to Warrensburg, Pleasant Hill, Independence, Kansas City, etc., en route to the Black Hills. Sam S. Sanford is their agent.

CIRCUSES.

MONTGOMERY QUEEN'S MENAGERIE and Circus continues to do a large business, despite the hard times, wrote an occasional correspondent from Red Bluff, Cal., May 25, continuing: "We were present at the performance given in Sacramento May 21, 22, and were surprised at the large audience present at each of the four exhibitions. James Cooke is an excellent equestrian director. Signor Sebastian, Joe Kennebel, Mlle. Turnour, Charles and Loline Belmont, Ellen Cooke, Wooda Cooke and Herr Drayton are the leading cards, their respective acts in each performance being attended by frequent applause. Prof. Emily's orchestra discourses music, both upon the street and under the canvas. The daily street-pageant is about the finest spectacle ever witnessed upon this coast. The zoological collection is large and complete, the two-horned rhinoceros and horned horse exhibited for the first time in California attracting considerable attention. California is laboring under the depression of hard times, the effects of the drought being more keenly felt at the present than ever before. There is a great scarcity of hay and grain, particularly in the southern portion of the State, while the prices range so high that the managers of the circus are compelled to carry it along with them in several instances. J. E. Warner, the veteran showman, has charge of affairs ahead. The show will remain in this State for some time yet, after which its movements are uncertain at the present writing."

OLD CIRCUS PROPERTY can be bought for cash or on easy terms from Wm. J. Metchear, who has a quantity on hand, described in a circular, which he sends on application to his advertised address.

VAN AMBURGH & CO.'S MENAGERIE AND CIRCUS exhibited in Newport, N. H., May 28, Claremont 29, Lebanon 30, Grafton 31, Bristol June 1, Franklin 2, and is billed in Concord 4, Manchester 5, Nashua 6, Lowell, Mass., 7, Lawrence 8, Danvers 9, Georgetown 11, Amesbury 12, Newmarket, N. H., 13. Business is reported good.

C. H. SCOTT JR., press agent with Van Amburgh & Co.'s Menagerie, although suffering severely from rheumatism, is still able to attend to his duties.

FRANCOIS E. BLITZ, magician, Punch-and-Judy performer and talker, and Alma, Circassian lady, can be secured by sideshow managers. See card.

VAN AMBURGH'S SHOW is to make a tour of Maine, and is to exhibit on four of the Great London's stands.

JOHN O'BRIEN'S SHOW goes through a few towns in Massachusetts, and takes in the east coast of Maine, running against the Van Amburgh Show, and threatens to reduce its admission to 25 cents as an opposition measure.

THE GREAT LONDON SHOW goes from Massachusetts through the centre of Maine.

THE UNITED STATES CIRCUS, under the direction of Dr. Jas. L. Thayer, performed in Pittsburg, Pa., South Side May 29, Allegheny City 30, Pittsburg, Red Lion Lot, 31, June 1, 2, giving afternoon and evening performances. The ring-show, of which the circus alone consisted, was the best that has been given here lately. The special features were the bareback-act of Martinho Lowande and son, Martinho Lowande's seven-horse act, the Heydays, Brothers and Harry Vandora's gymnastics, Miss Wimbold's pad-act, a pad-act by Abelardo Lowande, feats of strength by George Richards, and the comicalities of Dr. Jas. L. Thayer and Tom Miaco. Business fair. Route: Cadiz, O., 6, Urichsville 7, Coshocton 8, Newark 9, Columbus 11, 12, Milford 13, Piqua 14, Greenville 15, Greenville 16, New Castle, Ind., 18, Anderson 19, Kokomo 20, Logansport 21, Minnamaac 22, Cresson Point 23, 26, 27, Chicago, Ill., 25, 28.

P. T. BARNUM'S SHOW is to exhibit in Toronto, Ont., June 8, 9, Hamilton 11, Brantford 12, London 13, Sarnia 14, St. Thomas 15, Chatham 16.

JOHN O'BRIEN'S SHOW will exhibit in Fall River, Mass., June 9, New Bedford 11, Wareham 12, Middleboro 13, Plymouth 14.

HOWES' LONDON CIRCUS will show in Concord, N. H., June 11, Manchester 12, Lawrence, Mass., 13, Lowell 14, Haverhill 15, Lynn 16, Salem 18, Gloucester 19, Newburyport 20, Portsmouth, N. H., 21, Portland, Me., 22, 23.

A DEN OF PERFORMING LIONS and a male or female performer are advertised for by A. L. P.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PROF. J. V. NICHOLS, manager of the Bohemian Troupe of Glassblowers, is to lead to the altar on June 6 Miss Mamie, the eldest daughter of Maurice Harrigan of the well-known printing-house of Cameron & Co., 57 Ann street, New York.

J. F. PERRY & CO. publish elsewhere a list of new songs issued by their house, the melodies being in the popular vein.

THE HOWARD ATHENÆUM, Boston, Mass., is advertised to rent from 1st to Aug. 4.

THE PANORAMA of "The Pilgrim's Progress" is to be exhibited at Mansfield, Pa., June 4, one week, Broddocks 11, 12, 13, Steubenville, O., 14, 15, 16, Wheeling, Va., 18, one week.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Pittsburg, Pa., can be rented. It has a seating capacity of 1,500, and E. J. Allen, who advertises, announces that it would make a first-class variety theatre.

LIVING CURIOSITIES are wanted for the sideshow with Sells Bros.' Circus. See W. H. Gardner's card.

H. MEYER, scenic-artist of the Brooklyn (N. Y.) Theatre, is at liberty during the Summer to paint scenery to order. See card.

PROF. BALDWIN and wife, exposers of spiritualism, gave entertainments in Nashville, Tenn., May 28, 29.

LA RUE'S MAGIC PAINTBOX, or Moving-figure Show, and Wonderful Vase, musical artist, exhibited in Leaford, Ont., May 29, 30, Salisbury 31, Milford, June 1, 2, and are billed in Dover 5, 6, Smyrna 7, 8, Middletown 11, 12, Wilmington 14, 15, 16.

THE WASHINGTON HOTEL, Providence, R. I., which is noticed in a card elsewhere as having been recently remodeled and refurnished, offers special rates to showmen, who are invited by the proprietor, H. R. Pierce, to make this house their headquarters while stopping in that town.

PEDANTO, aeronaut and gymnast, whose address find in another column, can be engaged for fairs, festivals, etc., and has a large balloon for sale.

MCDANELS' THEATRE, Cheyenne, W. T., can be secured by traveling companies on reasonable terms. Address as per card.

OWENS' ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Charleston, S. C., can be rented—the opera-house department by dramatic and operatic companies, and the music-hall for general entertainments—through John M. Barron, business-manager. For further particulars see advertisement.

BANJO and other musical instruments and instruction-books can be had of George O. Dobson, who advertises.

A BALLOONIST is wanted for July 4. See P. A. Whellman's card.

PROF. GESSLEY, the armless man, with or without his sideshow, including a child with two heads and four arms and an educated hog, advertises for an engagement, or he would take a partner with small capital to run the show.

J. E. JACKSON, the well-known theatrical cutprinter, associated with H. A. Thomas, lithographer, is now executing new work—in wood engraving, lithography and printing—for many of the leading stars for next season. All orders for posters, programmes, cuts, etc., can be directed to the address published in his card elsewhere.

THE OPERA-HOUSE, New Haven, Ct., can be secured for the months of June, July and August at the rates advertised.

JOHNNIE MARTIN, property-man-or stage carpenter, formerly with Kelly & Leon's Minstrels, advertises for an engagement.

SEVERAL COSTUMES, which it is stated have been used but little, can be purchased of Herbert Fisher. See card.

CHARLES MELVILLE, advance-agent, is disengaged. Address care of this office.

CHAS. B. GRISTE, agent or business-manager, advertises that he can be engaged.

MANAGERS visiting Syracuse, N. Y., are informed that Frazer & Frazer, jewelers, sell seats for Wieting Opera-house. See card.

A CANVAS 85 by 60ft. is wanted by J. F. Soleman, who advertises.

"THE SIEGE OF PARIS" has been retouched by a well-known scenic-artist, and continues on exhibition in Philadelphia. Chas. W. Campbell acting as manager, and Thos. Shea as J. R. Zimmerman, who is now in San Francisco. This cyclorama will probably be removed to the Coliseum, Philadelphia, in September next.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, which is attended by 9,000 people, especially on Decoration Day (May 30), when a special entertainment was given of instrumental and vocal music and patriotic tableaux.

THE SPRING EXHIBITION at the Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia, closed on June 2.

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN, Philadelphia, was visited by large numbers last week.

THE COLISEUM, Philadelphia, will be closed during the Summer season.

SIGNOR BOCCO performs June 5, 6, 7 in Sherbourne, N. Y., 8, 9, 11 in Greene.

CURIOSITIES are offered for sale by C. White, whose advertises.

J. P. SANFORD is to lecture in Sidney, Ia., June 14, 15.

A VARIETY OF ILLUSIONS, Punch-and-Judy figures, and magical apparatus of all kinds can be obtained at W. J. Judd's advertised address.

KIRALFYS' ALHAMBRA PALACE, Broad-street Theatre and Tropical Garden, opposite the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, Pa., the full particulars of which are given in Steady Employment column, can be rented. A number of elaborate pieces have been brought out at this house in excellent style, and the machinery, scenery, etc., are represented as second to those of no place of entertainment in the country.

BROAD-CURTAIN and 3, 5 and 6-inch scenery are advertised for sale.

AMATEUR.

THE WHEATLEY DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION of Philadelphia presented "Married Life" at their regular weekly performance May 30. The season closes June 6 with the performance of "Our Boys."

THE ASTEROIDS of New Carlisle, Pa., have engaged Melissa Breslau and George A. Ford to act the chief characters in "East Lynne" June 4, 5.

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

DRAMATIC.

D. ELLIOTT, clown, died in London, England, May 11.

MISS CECILIA ROSEE appeared as actress, aged 17, died at Ryde, Isle of Wight, May 18, from typhoid fever and exhaustion of the lungs. She commenced an engagement with the Volks Family May 7, and was taken ill on the 9th.

MUSICAL.

ADELINA PATTI has achieved a success as Elsa in "Lohengrin," and as Elvira in "Puritanism," in London, England, which states that Miss Titiens is not to be compared with her. Mme. Patti sings in "Aida" at Covent Garden, while Christine Nilsson in "Faust" at the Marylebone, and Mme. Sentelli's concerts at Her Majesty's Theatre, are all transient successes. On the 8th inst. the oratorio of "Jephthah" will be given.

PIETRO NEVARES, the Nestor of Italian critics, editor of *La Fusione*, the friend of Domiselli, died at Milan recently, aged 75.

MME. LUCCA, it is reported, intends to quit the stage, giving four farewell performances at Vienna, two at Gratz, and one at Pesth, and then retiring to her villa at Godesberg, in Switzerland.

THE death announced of an emigrant Swedish nightingale, Jenny Lind, the opera singer, who died in Italy after many years, at among his pupils was Signorina

RATES.

SUBSCRIPTION.—For annum, in advance, $4; six months, $2; three months, $1, including postage to any part of the United States. Foreign postage, extra. Single copies, 10 cents each. No deduction to clubs or agents.

ADVERTISEMENTS—Agate type measure, 14 lines to an inch.—Department notices, copied from and credited to other journals, 30 cents per line, the same notices to be inserted once only. Advertisements under the head of AMUSEMENTS, 15 cents per line; Miscellaneous and Sporting Advertisements, 20 cents per line—for each and every insertion. A deduction of 20 per cent. from these rates will be made for advertisements when paid for three months in advance by the advertiser. Advertising agents are not allowed this or any other deduction further than their regular commission. Cuts and displayed type in advertisements charged at the same rates for space occupied.

OUR TERMS ARE CASH.—Advertisements to be paid or at the time of insertion.

THE CLIPPER is issued every Tuesday morning. The first, fourth, fifth and eighth pages GO TO PRESS ON SATURDAY, and the second, third, sixth and seventh pages on Monday evening. Advertisements intended for the outside pages should reach us not later than noon on Saturday, and all favors should reach us early on Monday to insure their insertion in that week's issue

ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 6 P. M. on Monday.

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor,
P. O. Box 3,860, or CLIPPER BUILDING,
88 and 90 Centre street, New York.

THE NEW YORK CLIPPER ALMANAC FOR 1877

CONTAINS A TABLE OF FASTEST RECORDED TIME, ETC., THEATRICAL CHRONOLOGY FOR 1876, SPORTING CHRONOLOGY FOR 1876, A REVIEW OF THE BASEBALL SEASON OF 1876, AND OTHER USEFUL INFORMATION.

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READ AND JUDGE

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THE SAN FRANCISCO PUBLIC CAPTURED BY

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(HON. W. F. CODY)
AT THE
BUSH-STREET THEATRE,
WHERE HUNDREDS WERE UNABLE TO OBTAIN ADMISSION.
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THREE WEEKS PROLONGED BY POPULAR DEMAND TO SIX WEEKS.

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IS SUPPORTED BY
CAPTAIN JACK
(J. W. CRAWFORD)
AND THE
BUSH-STREET THEATRE COMPANY.

READ WHAT THE SAN FRANCISCO DAILY PRESS SAYS OF HIM.

Buffalo Bill and Captain Jack are making a big success in this city. Their houses have been immensely full, and they have taken the place by storm. They play "Life on the Border" for the present week, and with a larger company they present "The Red Right Hand" next week. They are the sensation of the day.—SAN FRANCISCO MAIL, May 17, 1877.

The charming little theatre on Bush street, lately vacated by the Salsbury Troubadours, was crowded last night with a fashionable audience to witness the performance of "Buffalo Bill" and his support in the great frontier drama entitled "Life on the Border." The piece is full of thrilling incidents, and strikingly illustrative of the life which the bold, daring men employed as Indian scouts live from day to day. In the prosecution of this service their lives are continually "in their hands," and the mimic representation of their adventures is intensely absorbing. Neither Mr. Cody himself nor his colleague, Captain Jack, are, in the strict sense of the word, great actors; but their delineation is so evidently truthful, and withal so manly, as to excite the sincerest sympathy. The great "Scout" is wonderfully well supported by Messrs. Bradley, Billings, Galloway and Barrows, late of the Grand Opera-house Company, the first-named gentleman making a decided hit as the trapper "Old Shoe." Miss Gertie Granville as the "Italian Girl from Cork" is an immense success, and obtained the hearty applause of an enthusiastic audience. The same "bill" to-night and until further notice.—SUNDAY MAIL, May 20.

BUSH-STREET THEATRE.—On Monday the frontier drama in all its pristine vigor was successfully inaugurated at this house. LIFE ON THE BORDER is full of sensational incidents, variety, some fun, and a series of fine and striking tableaux. Written with but one end in view—the introduction of BUFFALO BILL and CAPTAIN JACK in a number of interesting and novel scenes of frontier life—its literary merits are made subservient to the successful accomplishment of its raison d'etre. Still it seems to have thoroughly charmed the public, for the business throughout the week has kept Manager Frank Mayo busy in a highly satisfactory state of mind. The gallery has been crowded every night. The enthusiasm has been immense. To redemand a tableau three or four times is the ordinary event of every evening. Buffalo Bill, who is the hero of the evening, is a noble-looking fellow, and evidently of a modest and genial disposition, notwithstanding that Indian chief's scalp that is exhibited in a window on Kearny street. Having little if any pretensions to being an actor, he yet gets through the work of the evening in a pleasant and satisfactory style. The rapidity with which he draws a pair of revolvers upon General Duncan brings thunders of applause, and the tumult is reserved by the insouciant manner in which he proposes to kill him in three seconds. Captain Jack (J. W. Crawford), who extemporised a poetical address to his audience on the first night, is another striking specimen of manhood. He does much to complete the pleasure and success of the evening. LIFE ON THE BORDER will be continued through the present week. THE RED RIGHT HAND, OR BUFFALO BILL'S FIRST SCALP FOR CUSTER, will be the next drama to be produced.—SUNDAY ALTA, May 20.

THE
BUFFALO BILL COMBINATION
WILL START ON ITS
SIXTH ANNUAL TOUR
ABOUT THE LAST OF SEPTEMBER OR FIRST OF OCTOBER, 1877.

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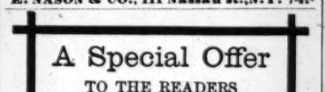

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